

# INTO THE WHIRLWIND

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## A TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF JOB

STEPHEN MITCHELL



**INTO  
THE WHIRLWIND**  
A TRANSLATION OF THE  
**BOOK OF JOB**  
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A brilliant new translation of Job, one of the most powerful and enigmatic books of the Bible. Interpreted by C.G. Jung, adapted by Archibald MacLeish, commented on by innumerable scholars, the Book of Job is as alive today as it was when it was first composed millennia ago. This powerful contemporary retelling of the story weds exacting scholarship with poetic passion and makes Job's lament our own: *"I will take my flesh in my teeth, / Hold my life in my hands. / He may kill me, but I won't stop; / I will speak the truth, to his face."*

An extensive set of textual notes and a bibliography are also included.

**Stephen Mitchell** was born in Brooklyn in 1943 and studied comparative literature at Amherst and Yale. He is compiler-editor of *Dropping Ashes on the Buddha: The Teaching of Zen Master Seung Sahn* (Grove, 1976), a translator of *Selected Poems of T. Carmi and Dan Pagis* (Penguin, 1976), and a contributor to *Encounter*, *Times Literary Supplement*, *Present Tense*, and other literary journals.

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Praise for **INTO THE WHIRLWIND**:

“I am happy to put on record my keen enthusiasm for it. . . . Mitchell has succeeded in making a splended English poem out of the Hebrew of Job. In many passages I find myself simply amazed at how he has managed to create equivalents for the terrific muscularity and immediacy of the original—something that no previous English translation has done, including the King James Version, with all its fine old grandiloquence. . . . His *Into the Whirlwind* is stupendous, and many of the passages describing Job’s suffering in concrete physical imagery are just as strong. I would add that as a work of painstaking yet imaginative Hebrew philology, the translation is equally impressive.”

—*Robert Alter*

Professor of Hebrew and Comparative Literature  
University of California, Berkeley

“I have just read a very extraordinary, indeed a quite wonderful translation of the Book of Job. . . . I have never understood that book so well before. The translation is simple, direct, contemporary, without vulgarity, down to earth, without losing any of the biblical afflatus.”

—*Harold Clurman*

Director and drama critic

“Your Job is beautiful.”

—*Elie Wiesel*

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First Edition

*To my mother and father*

An asterisk (\*) at the bottom of a page  
indicates that a new verse paragraph  
begins on the following page.

# Into the Whirlwind



# Prologue: The Legend



Once upon a time, in the land of Uz, there was a man named Job. He was a thoroughly good man, who feared God and did nothing wrong. He had seven sons and three daughters; seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred donkeys; and also many slaves. He was the richest man in the East.

Every year, his sons would hold a great banquet, in the house of each of them in turn, and they would invite their sisters to come feast with them. When the week of celebration was over, Job would have them come to be purified; for he thought, "Perhaps my children have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts." Job did this every year.

One year, on the day when the angels come to testify before God, the Accusing Angel came too.

God said to the Accuser, "What have you been up to?"

The Accuser answered, "I've been walking here and there on the earth, and looking around."

God said, "Did you notice my servant Job? There is no one on earth like him: a thoroughly good man, who fears God and does nothing wrong."

The Accuser said, "Doesn't Job have a good reason for being so good? Haven't you put a hedge around him--himself and his whole family and everything he has? You bless whatever he does, and the land is teeming with his cattle. But just reach out and strike everything he has, and I bet he'll curse you to your face."

God said, "All right: everything he has is in your power. Just don't lay a hand on him."

Then the Accuser left.

That same day, as Job's sons and daughters were feasting in the house of the eldest brother, a messenger came to Job and said, "The oxen were plowing and the donkeys grazing and the Sabeans attacked and took them and killed the boys and only I escaped to tell you." Before he had finished speaking, another one came and said, "Lightning fell from the sky and burned up the sheep and boys and only I escaped to tell you." Before he had finished speaking, another one came and said, "Chaldeans attacked the camels and took them and killed the boys and only I escaped to tell you." Before he had finished speaking, another one came and said, "Your sons and daughters were feasting and a great wind came out of the desert and knocked down the walls of the house and it fell on them and they're dead and only I escaped to tell you."

Then Job stood up. He tore his robe. He shaved his head. He lay down with his face in the dust. He said, "Naked I came into this world, and naked I will leave it. God gave, and God has taken; may the name of God be blessed."

Once again, on the day when the angels come to testify before God, the Accusing Angel came too.

God said to the Accuser, "What have you been up to?"

The Accuser answered, "I've been walking here and there on the earth, and looking around."

God said, "Did you notice my servant Job? There is no one on earth like him: a thoroughly good man, who fears God and does nothing wrong. He is holding on to his innocence, even after you made me torment him for no reason."

The Accuser said, "So what? A man will give up everything he has, to save his own skin. But just reach out and strike his flesh and bones, and I bet he'll curse you to your face."

God said, "All right: he is in your power. Just don't kill him."

Then the Accuser left.

He covered Job with boils, from his scalp to the soles of his feet. Job took a piece of broken pottery to scratch himself with, and sat down in the dust.

His wife said to him, "How long will you go on clinging to your innocence? Curse God, and die."

Job said, "Foolish woman, have you lost your mind? We have accepted good fortune from God; surely we can accept bad fortune too."

[2:11]

Now Job had three friends—Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Namathite. When these friends heard of all the calamities that had come upon him, each of them left his own country to mourn with Job and to comfort him. They met at an appointed place and went on together. When they arrived and saw Job from a distance, they could barely recognize him. They cried out, and tore their clothing, and sprinkled dust on their heads. Then they sat with him for seven days and seven nights. And no one said a word, for they saw how great his suffering was.



# **The Curse**



Finally Job cried out:

God damn the day I was born  
 and the night that pushed me from the womb.  
 On that day—let there be darkness;  
 let it never have been created;  
 let it sink back into the void.  
 Let chaos overpower it;  
 let black clouds overwhelm it;  
 let the sun be plucked from its sky.  
 Let oblivion overshadow it;  
 let the other days disown it;  
 let the aeons blot it out.  
 On that night—let no child be born,  
 no mother weep with joy.  
 Let sorcerers wake the Serpent  
 to blast it with eternal blight.  
 Let its last stars be snuffed out;  
 let it wait in terror for daylight;  
 let its dawn never appear.  
 For it didn't shut the womb's doors  
 to shelter me from this sorrow.

Why couldn't I have died  
 as they pulled me out of the dark?  
 Why were there knees to hold me,  
 breasts to keep me alive?  
 If only I had strangled or drowned  
 on my way to the bitter light.

Now I would be at rest,  
 I would be sound asleep,  
 with kings and lords of the earth  
     who lived in echoing halls,  
 with princes who hoarded silver  
     and filled their cellars with gold.  
 There the troubled are calm;  
     there the exhausted rest.  
 Rich and poor are alike there,  
     and the slave lies next to his master.

Why is there light for the wretched,  
     life for the bitter-hearted,  
 who long for death, who seek it  
     as if it were buried treasure,  
 who smile when they reach the graveyard  
     and laugh as their pit is dug.  
 For God has hidden my way  
     and put hedges across my path.  
 I sit and gnaw on my grief;  
     my groans pour out like water.  
 My worst fears have happened;  
     my nightmares have come to life.  
 Silence and peace have abandoned me,  
     and anguish camps in my heart.

# **The First Round**



Then Eliphaz the Temanite said:

These words will perhaps upset you;  
 but I can't hold back my thoughts.  
 Once you encouraged the timid  
 and filled the frightened with strength.  
 You brought relief to the comfortless,  
 gave the desperate hope.  
 But now that it's *your* turn, you tremble;  
 now *you* are the victim, you shudder.

Have you lost all faith in your piety,  
 all hope in your perfect conduct?  
 Can an innocent man be punished?  
 Can a good man die in distress?  
 I have seen the plowers of evil  
 reaping the crimes they sowed.  
 One breath from God and they shrivel up;  
 one blast of his rage and they burn.  
 The lion may roar with fury,  
 but his teeth are cracked in his mouth.  
 The jackal howls and goes hungry;  
 the wolf is driven away.

Now a word, in secret, came to me,  
 a whisper crept in my ear,  
 at night, when visions flash  
 and ecstasy grips the mind.

Terror caught me; panic  
 shook my bones like sticks.  
 Something breathed on my face;  
 my hair stood stiff.  
 I could barely see—a spirit—  
 hovering on my chest—  
 the soft voice, speaking:  
*How can man be righteous?*  
*How can mortals be pure?*  
*If God distrusts his own servants*  
*and charges the angels with sin,*  
*what of those who are built of clay*  
*and live in bodies of dust?*  
*They are snapped like bits of straw;*  
*they are blown out like candles . . .*  
*they vanish, and who can save them?*

Call now: will anyone answer?  
 To which of the angels will you turn?  
 For anger destroys the fool,  
 and passion flays the ignorant.  
 I have seen the fool rooted up,  
 his home collapsing in ruins,  
 his children stripped naked  
 with no one to help or pity them,  
 the hungry devouring his harvest,  
 the thirsty gulping his wine.  
 For pain doesn't spring from the dust  
 or sorrow sprout from the soil:  
 man is the father of sorrow,  
 as surely as sparks fly upward.      •

If I were you, I would pray;  
 I would put my case before God.  
 His workings are vast and fathomless,  
 his wonders beyond our grasp.  
 He lifts up the despised  
 and leads the abandoned to safety.  
 He traps the wise in their cleverness,  
 ruins the plots of the cunning.  
 By day they stumble in shadows;  
 at noon they grope in the dark.  
 But he plucks the poor from danger  
 and the meek from the power of wrong.  
 Then there is hope for the wretched,  
 and wickedness shuts its mouth.

You are lucky that God has scolded you;  
 so take his lesson to heart.  
 For he wounds, but then binds up;  
 he injures, but then he heals.  
 When disaster strikes, he will rescue you  
 and never let evil touch you.  
 In war he will save you from bloodshed,  
 in famine from the grip of death.  
 When slander roams he will hide you;  
 you will laugh in calamity's face.  
 In league with the stones of the field,  
 in concord with savage beasts,  
 you will know that your house is safe  
 and your meadows protected from harm.  
 You will see your family multiply,  
 your children flourish like grass.

You will die at the height of your powers  
and be gathered like ripened grain.

I know that these things are true:  
consider them now, and learn.

Then Job said:

If ever my grief were measured  
     or my sorrow put on a scale,  
     it would outweigh the sands of the ocean:  
         that is why I am desperate.  
 For God has ringed me with terrors,  
     and his arrows have pierced my heart.  
 When a donkey has grass, does he bray?  
     Does an ox low near his fodder?  
 Can gruel be eaten unsalted?  
     Is there taste in the white of an egg?  
 My lips refuse to touch it;  
     my heart is sickened at its sight.

If only my prayer were answered  
     and God granted my wish.  
 If only he made an end of me,  
     snipped my life like a thread.  
 That is my only comfort  
     as I writhe in savage pain.  
 How long can I keep on waiting?  
     Why should I stay alive?  
 Is my body hard as a rock?  
     Is my flesh made of brass?  
 All my strength has left me,  
     and hope has been driven away.

My friends are streams that go dry,  
     riverbeds in the desert.  
 In spring they are dark with ice,  
     swollen with melted snow.

But when summer comes they are gone;  
 they vanish in the blazing heat.  
 Pilgrims search for them everywhere  
 and lose their way in the dust.  
 They wander dazed, panting,  
 their tongues turning black.

You too have turned against me;  
 my wretchedness fills you with fear.  
 Have I ever asked you to help me  
 or begged you to pay my ransom,  
 to rescue me from an enemy  
 or save me from an oppressor?  
 Teach me, and I will be silent;  
 show me where I am wrong.  
 Does honest speech offend you?  
 Are you shocked by what I have said?  
 Do you want to disprove my passion  
 or argue away my despair?  
 Look me straight in the eye:  
 is this how a liar would face you?  
 Can't I tell right from wrong?  
 If I sinned, wouldn't I know it?

Man's life is a prison;  
 he is sentenced to pain and grief.  
 Like a slave he pants for the shadows;  
 like a servant he longs for rest.  
 I live through endless days  
 and suffer through endless nights.

When I lie down, I long for morning;  
 when I get up, I long for evening;  
 all day I toss and turn.

My flesh crawls with maggots;  
 my skin is cracked and oozing.  
 My days fly past like a shuttle,  
 and my hope snaps like a thread.

Remember: life is a breath;  
 soon I will vanish from your sight.  
 The eye that looks won't see me;  
 you will search, but I will be gone.  
 Like a cloud fading in the sky,  
 man dissolves into death.  
 He leaves the world behind him  
 and never comes home again.

Therefore I refuse to be silent;  
 I will cry out my bitter despair.  
 Am I the Sea or the Serpent,  
 that you pen me behind a wall?  
 If I say, "Sleep will comfort me,  
 I will lie down to ease my pain,"  
 then you terrify me with visions,  
 your nightmares choke me with horror,  
 and I lie, gasping for breath,  
 longing to be dead at last.  
 I will not live forever;  
 leave me, for my days are wind.      \*

What is man, that you notice him,  
    turn your glare upon him,  
examine him every morning,  
    test him at every instant?  
Won't you even give me  
    time to swallow my spit?  
If I sinned, what have I done  
    to you, Watcher of Men?  
Why have you made me your target  
    and burdened me with myself?  
Can't you forgive my crimes  
    or overlook my sins?  
For soon I will lie in the dust;  
    you will call, but I will be gone.

Then Bildad the Shuhite said:

How long will you go on ranting,  
filling our ears with trash?  
Does God make straightness crooked  
or turn truth upside down?  
Your children were very wicked:  
he punished them for their crimes.  
But if you are pure and righteous  
and pray to God for mercy,  
surely he will answer your prayer  
and fulfill your greatest desires.  
Your past will seem like a trifle,  
so blessed will your future be.

Go learn from the wisdom of the ages;  
listen to the patriarchs' words.  
For we are small and ignorant;  
our days on earth are a shadow.  
But their advice will guide you,  
and their answers will give you peace.

Can papyrus grow without water?  
Can a reed flourish in sand?  
As crisp and fresh as it looked,  
it wilts like a blade of grass.  
Such is the fate of the impious,  
the empty hope of the sinner.  
His peace of mind is gossamer;  
his faith is a spider's web.  
Though he props up his house, it collapses;  
though he builds it again, it falls. \*

But the righteous blossom in sunlight,  
and the garden is filled with their seeds.  
Their roots twine around stones  
and fasten even to rocks.  
If they are plucked from the ground,  
rooted up from their soil,  
they rejoice wherever they go  
and bloom again from the dust.

For God won't betray the innocent  
or take the hand of the wicked.  
He will fill your mouth with laughter,  
and joy will burst from your lips.  
Your enemies will drown in their shame,  
and the wind will blow through their houses.

Then Job said:

I know that this is true:  
 no man can argue with God  
 or answer even one  
 of a thousand accusations.  
 However wise or powerful—  
 who could oppose him and live?  
 He levels cliffs in an instant,  
 rooting them up in his rage;  
 he knocks the earth from its platform  
 and shakes the pillars of the sky;  
 he talks to the sun—it darkens;  
 he clamps a seal on the stars.  
 He alone stretched out the heavens  
 and trampled the heights of the sea;  
 he made the Bear and the Hunter,  
 the Scorpion, the Twins.  
 His workings are vast and fathomless,  
 his wonders beyond my grasp.  
 If he passed me, I wouldn't see him;  
 if he went by, I wouldn't know.  
 If he seized me, who could stop him  
 or cry out, "What are you doing?"  
 He will never hold back his fury;  
 the Dragon lies at his feet.

How then can *I* refute him  
 or marshal my words against him?  
 How can I prove my innocence?  
 Do I have to beg him for mercy?

If I testify, will he answer?  
 Is he listening to my plea?  
 He has punished me for a trifle;  
     for no reason he tears my flesh.  
 He won't let me catch my breath;  
     he plunges me into despair.  
 For in strength, he is far beyond me;  
     and in eloquence, who is like him?  
 I am guiltless, but his mouth condemns me;  
     blameless, but his words convict me.  
 He doesn't care; so I say  
     he murders both the pure and the wicked.  
 When the plague brings sudden death,  
     he laughs at the anguish of the innocent.  
 He hands the earth to the wicked  
     and blindfolds the eyes of its judges.  
 Who does it, if not he?

My days sprint past me like runners;  
 I will never see them again.  
 They glide by me like sailboats;  
     they swoop down like hawks on their prey.  
 If I want to forget my misery  
     or try to smile at my pain,  
 one thought makes me shudder:  
     that you will never believe me.  
 If I am already guilty,  
     why should I struggle on?  
 Should I wash my body in snow,  
     scour my face with sand?  
 You would toss me into a cesspool,  
     and my stench would make me vomit.

If only there were an arbiter  
 who could lay his hand on us both,  
 who could make you put down your club  
 and hold back your terrible arm.  
 Then, without fear, I would say,  
 You have not treated me justly.

I loathe each day of my life;  
 I will take my complaint to God.  
 I will say, Don't condemn me;  
 tell me why you're enraged.  
 Is it right for you to be cruel,  
 to spoil what your own hands made?  
 Are your eyes eyes of flesh?  
 Is your vision no keener than a man's?  
 Is your mind like a human mind?  
 Are your feelings human feelings?  
 For you keep pursuing a sin,  
 trying to dig up a crime,  
 though you know that I am innocent  
 and cannot escape from your grip.

Your hands molded and made me,  
 and some day you will destroy me.  
 Remember: you formed me from clay  
 and will turn me back to dust.  
 You poured me out like milk,  
 curdled me like cheese,  
 clothed me in flesh and skin,  
 knit me with bones and sinews.  
 You loved me, gave me life,  
 nursed and cared for my spirit.

Yet this you hid in your heart,  
    this I know was your purpose:  
to watch me, and if I sinned  
    to punish me forever.

You lash me if I am guilty,  
    shame me if I am not.  
You set me free, then trap me,  
    as a cat toys with a mouse.

Why did you let me be born?  
    Why couldn't I have stayed  
in the deep waters of the womb,  
    rocked to sleep in the dark?  
Is my life not wretched enough?  
    Leave me one moment of peace,  
before I must go away  
    to the land of endless shadows,  
the land of gloom and sighing,  
    where dawn is black as night.

Then Zophar the Namathite said:

Should this man be pardoned by his words,  
acquitted because he speaks well?  
Should you mouth us into submission  
and go on with your impudent lies?  
You say, "My conscience is clear";  
you think your life is spotless.  
But if God were to cross-examine you  
and turn up your hidden motives  
and present his case against you  
and tell you why he has punished you—  
you would know that your guilt is great.

How can you understand God  
or fathom his endless wisdom?  
It is higher than heaven—can you reach it?,  
deeper than hell—can you touch it?,  
wider than the wide earth,  
broader than the breadth of the sea.  
If he seizes and casts in prison  
and condemns—who can stop him?  
For he knows if you are a sinner;  
he sees and judges your crimes.  
But a stupid man will be wise  
when a cow gives birth to a zebra.

Come now, repent of your sins;  
open your heart to God.  
Wash your hands of their wickedness;  
banish crime from your door.

Then your soul will be pure;  
    your heart will be firm and fearless.  
All your suffering will vanish,  
    flowing away like a stream.  
Your life will shine like the sun;  
    your darkest day will be bright.  
Your faith will be unshakable;  
    your mind will be strong and serene.  
No one will dare to disturb you;  
    many will seek your favor.  
But the wicked will some day be punished;  
    they will live in constant terror;  
    their hope will become a noose.

Then Job said:

You, it seems, know everything;  
 perfect wisdom is yours.  
 But I am not an idiot:  
 who doesn't know such things?  
 Ask the beasts: they will tell you;  
 the birds in the sky will teach you.  
 Any plant will instruct you;  
 go learn from the fish in the sea.  
 Which of them doesn't know  
 that God created all things?  
 In his hand is the soul of all beings  
 and the spirit of every man.

Doesn't the mind understand  
 as simply as the tongue tastes?  
 Do all men grow in knowledge?  
 Are they wise because they are old?  
 Only God is wise;  
 knowledge belongs to him.  
 He tears down—no man can build;  
 he imprisons—no man can free.  
 He holds back the rain—there is drought;  
 he pours it—it floods the earth.  
 Power belongs to him;  
 deceived and deceiver are his.  
 He turns great lords into morons,  
 priests into driveling fools.  
 He pushes kings off their thrones  
 and knocks the crown from their heads.

He strips the wise of their reason  
 and makes the eloquent mute.  
 He pours contempt on princes  
 and crushes the high and mighty.  
 He puffs up nations and wrecks them,  
 blotting them out in their pride.  
 He drives great rulers insane,  
 drops them alone in the wilderness.  
 They grope about in the dark,  
 staggering as if they were drunk.

All this I have seen with my eyes;  
 my own ears have heard it.  
 What you know, I know too;  
 my mind is as clear as yours.  
 But I want to speak before God,  
 to present my case in God's court.  
 For *you* smear my wounds with ignorance  
 and patch my body with lies.  
 Don't you have any sense?  
 Will you never shut your mouths?

Listen now to my arguments;  
 hear my accusations.  
 Will you lie to vindicate God?  
 Will you perjure yourselves for him?  
 Will you blindly stand on his side,  
 pleading his case alone?  
 What will you do when he questions you?  
 Can you cheat him as you would a man?  
 Won't he judge you severely  
 if your testimony is false?

Won't he crush you with terror  
 and chill your bones with fear?  
 Your answers are dusty answers;  
 your words crumble like clay.

Be quiet now—let *me* speak;  
 whatever happens will happen.  
 I will take my flesh in my teeth,  
 hold my life in my hands.  
 He may kill me, but I won't stop;  
 I will speak the truth, to his face.  
 Listen now to my words;  
 pay attention to what I say.  
 For I have prepared my defense,  
 and I know that I am right.

Grant me one thing only;  
 then I won't hide from your face:  
 don't make me numb with fear  
 or flood my heart with terror.  
 Accuse me—I will respond;  
 or let me speak, and answer me.  
 What crime have I committed?  
 How have I sinned against you?  
 Why do you hide your face  
 as if I were your enemy?  
 Will you frighten a withered leaf  
 or hunt down a piece of straw?  
 For you count up all my errors  
 and convict me for the sins of my youth.  
 You put my legs in shackles;  
 you brand the soles of my feet;  
 you follow my every step.     \*

Man who is born of woman—  
 how short and harsh his life is!  
 Like a flower he blooms and withers;  
 like a shadow he fades in the dark.  
 He falls apart like a wine-skin,  
 like a garment chewed by moths.  
 And do *you* take notice of *him*?  
 Will *you* call *him* to account?  
 Since all his days are determined  
 and the sum of his years is set—  
 look away; leave him alone;  
 grant him a moment's peace.

Even if a tree is cut down  
 it may some day return to life.  
 Though its roots decay in the ground  
 and its stump is old and rotten,  
 it will bud at the scent of water  
 and bloom as if it were young.  
 But man is cut down forever;  
 he dies, and where is he then?  
 The lake is drained of its water,  
 the river becomes a ditch,  
 and man will not rise again  
 while the sky is above the earth.

If only you would hide me in the pit  
 till your anger has passed away,  
 then come to me and release me.  
 All my days in prison  
 I would sit and wait for that time.

You would call me—I would answer;  
you would come to me and rejoice,  
delighting in my smallest step  
like a father watching his child.

But cliffs fall to the ground;  
boulders crumble away;  
mountains are turned to dust;  
and you destroy man's hope.  
You crush him into the ground,  
send him away disfigured.  
If his sons are honored, does he know?  
If his daughters are shamed, does he care?  
Only his own flesh hurts him,  
and he mourns for himself alone.



## **The Second Round**



Then Eliphaz the Temanite said:

Does a wise man spout such nonsense  
 and fill his belly with gas?  
 Does he blurt out useless arguments,  
 words that can do no good?  
 You are undermining religion  
 and crippling faith in God.  
 Sin has seduced your mind;  
 your tongue flaps with deceit.  
 Your mouth condemns you, not I;  
 your own lips testify against you.

Are you the first man to be born,  
 created before the mountains?  
 Have you listened in at God's keyhole  
 and crept away with his plans?  
 What do you know that *we* don't?  
 What have you seen that we haven't?  
 We are old; our beards are white;  
 we speak with the wisdom of age.  
 Will you scorn religion's comforts  
 and reject our indulgent advice?  
 What has taken hold of you?  
 What has made you so wild  
 that you spew your anger at God  
 and spit out such insolent words?     •

What is man—is he pure?  
 Can a son of woman be sinless?  
 If God mistrusts his angels  
     and heaven stinks in his nose,  
 what of that vermin, man,  
     who laps up filth like water?

Listen now to my words;  
 I will tell you what I have seen—  
 what the sages too have said  
     and the wise have never hidden:  
 The wicked man's life is torment;  
     his days are anguish and pain.  
 In his ear is the voice of terror;  
     in his mouth is the taste of death.  
 He flees from darkness to darkness;  
     he is marked for the edge of the sword.  
 His body is food for vultures;  
     disaster nibbles his flesh.  
 Anguish pounds at his mind;  
     fear and panic assault him,  
     like a soldier waiting for battle.

For he shook his fist at God  
     and dared to revolt against him,  
 charging at him headlong  
     behind the spikes of his shield.  
 Though his face was plump and cheerful  
     and his thighs bulged with health,  
 he lives in a desolate city  
     and sleeps in a lonely room.

All his works decay;  
    his roots rot in the ground.  
The sun withers his shoots;  
    his blossoms fall in the wind.  
His leaves shrivel and die;  
    all his branches are bare.  
He is stripped of his grapes like a vine  
    and drops his buds like an olive tree.

For the fate of the wicked is barren,  
    and his hopes are consumed by fire.  
His womb is heavy with suffering;  
    he gives birth to sorrow and pain.

Then Job said:

Enough—I have heard enough!  
 I am sick of your consolations!  
 How long will you pelt me with insults?  
 Will your malice never relent?  
 I too could say such things  
 if you were in my position;  
 I could bury you with accusations  
 and sneer at you in my piety;  
 or else I could whisper comfort  
 and encourage you with a word.

But I speak, and my pain keeps raging;  
 I am silent, and have no relief.  
 For disaster has worn me out,  
 and suffering has made me wither.  
 In his rage he hunted and caught me;  
 he cracked my bones in his teeth.  
 I was whole—he ripped me apart,  
 chewed my body to pulp.  
 He set me up as a target;  
 his arrows tore through my flesh.  
 He hacked my liver to pieces;  
 he poured my gall on the ground.  
 He besieged me like a fortress;  
 he demolished my inmost walls.  
 I have wrapped my skin in sackcloth  
 and laid my head in the dust.  
 My face is swollen from weeping;  
 shadows circle my eyes—

although my hands are spotless  
and the prayer of my heart is pure.

Earth, don't cover my blood!  
Never let my cry be buried!  
For I have a witness in heaven,  
a spokesman above the clouds.  
May he judge between mortal and God  
as he would between man and neighbor.  
For grief has darkened my eyes;  
my body is like a shadow.  
My days fade like an echo;  
the strings of my heart have snapped.  
And soon my life will be gone;  
I will walk the road to oblivion.

I have taken the dust as my home  
and made my bed in the dark.  
I have called the grave my father;  
the worm my mother, my sister.  
And where now is my hope?  
My piety—who will see it?  
It will follow me down to the grave  
and lie in the dust beside me.

Then Bildad the Shuhite said:

How long will you lay these word-snares?

Be sensible: then we will talk.

Why do you treat us like morons

and act as if we were cows?

Should the earth be changed for your sake

and mountains move at your bidding?

The sinner's flame is snuffed out;

his candle flickers and dies.

His powerful steps are crippled;

he is tripped by his own deceit.

A net catches his legs;

he stumbles into a pit.

His heels stick in a trap;

a noose snaps his neck.

The terrors of death surround him

and make him piss in his pants.

Misfortune hungers after him;

disaster waits at his side.

Sickness gnaws his flesh;

death picks his bones.

Fire guts his house;

sulphur rains on his fields.

All his roots are withered;

all his branches are bare.

He disappears from the earth;

not a trace is left behind him.

He is thrown into endless darkness

and locked out of the world.

At his fate the East is appalled,  
and terror grips the West.

This is what happens to the godless;  
this is the sinner's doom.

Then Job said:

How long will you make me suffer  
 and break my heart with your words?  
 Again and again you mock me  
 and wrong me with shameless lies.  
 Do you think I have lost my mind?  
 Am I the one who is raving?  
 Are you sure that you have convicted me  
 and justified my disgrace?

No—for God has tricked me,  
 lured me into his trap.  
 I call, but there is no answer;  
 I cry out, but where is justice?  
 He made my road impassable,  
 covered my path with darkness,  
 stripped me of my honor,  
 knocked the crown from my head.  
 He broke me, rooted me up,  
 left me in little pieces.  
 His anger set me on fire;  
 his hatred burned me to ashes.

All my friends have forgotten me;  
 my neighbors have thrown me away.  
 My relatives look through me  
 as if I didn't exist.  
 My servants refuse to hear me;  
 they shun me like a leper.

My breath sickens my wife;  
    my odor disgusts my brothers.  
Children are afraid of me;  
    they see me and run away.  
My best friends despise me;  
    I have lost everyone I love.  
Have pity on me, my friends,  
    for God's fist has struck me.  
Why must you hunt me as God does?  
    Why do you gnaw my flesh?

If only my cry were recorded  
    and my plea inscribed on a tablet—  
carved with an iron stylus,  
    chiseled in rock for eternity.  
Some day my witness would come;  
    my avenger would read those words.  
He would plead for me in God's court;  
    he would stand up and vindicate my name.

Then Zophar the Namathite said:

My mind is filled with turmoil,  
and rage drives me to speak.  
I have heard enough of your insults;  
you answer our wisdom with lies.

Haven't you realized yet  
(How can you be so blind!)  
that the sinner's joy is brief  
and lasts only a moment?  
Though he rises as high as heaven  
and his head touches the clouds,  
he will drop to the ground like dung  
and rot like fallen fruit.  
He flies away like a vision,  
vanishes like a dream.  
His friends forget who he was;  
his own children don't know him.  
His body may pulse with vigor,  
but soon he will lie in the dust.

Though crime was sweet on his lips  
and evil melted in his mouth,  
though he tried to keep its flavor  
and hold its taste on his tongue,  
the food that he swallowed turns  
to poison inside his belly.  
He sucks the head of a snake,  
chews the tongue of a viper.  
He loses his vats of oil;  
his cream and honey are spilled.

He is forced to spit up his riches  
and vomit out all his wealth.

For he crushed the weak and the helpless;  
he pushed the poor from their huts.

His hunger gave him no rest;  
he was driven by his desire;  
nothing escaped his greed:  
therefore his wealth will vanish.

At the height of his fortune he falls;  
every disaster strikes him.

The wrath of God assaults him;  
calamities rain on his head.

Total darkness engulfs him;  
fire from heaven consumes him.

Storms demolish his fields;  
floods sweep away his house.

Heaven reveals his guilt,  
and earth rises against him.

This is the fate of the sinner,  
the rebel's reward from God.

Then Job said:

Listen now to my words;  
 let that be the comfort you give me.  
 Bear with me: let me speak;  
 when I finish, then you can laugh.  
 Is my grievance against a man?  
 Why shouldn't I be impatient?  
 Look at me: be appalled;  
 clap your hands to your mouths.  
 When I think of it I am terrified  
 and horror chills my flesh.

Why do the wicked prosper  
 and live to a ripe old age?  
 Their children stand beside them;  
 their grandchildren sit on their laps.  
 Their houses are safe from danger,  
 secure from the wrath of God.  
 Not one of their bulls is impotent;  
 not one of their cows miscarries.  
 Their grandchildren run out to play,  
 skipping around like lambs,  
 singing to drum and lyre,  
 dancing to the sound of the flute.  
 They end their lives in prosperity  
 and go to the grave in peace.  
 Yet they tell God, "Leave us alone;  
 we can't be bothered about you.  
 Why should we pray to God?  
 What good will it do us to serve you?" \*

Is the lamp of the sinner snuffed out?  
 Does misfortune fall on his head?  
 Is he really driven like chaff,  
     blown like straw in the wind?  
 Is calamity saved for his children?  
     May he get his punishment now!  
 May his own eyes see disaster!  
     May he choke on the wrath of God!  
 For what does he care about others  
     when his own life comes to an end?

One man dies serenely,  
     lapped in safety and comfort,  
 his thighs bulging with fat,  
     the marrow moist in his bones.  
 Another dies in despair,  
     his life bitter on his tongue.  
 But both men rot in the ground,  
     and maggots chew on them both.

I know what you are thinking,  
     the lies you have slapped together.  
 You say, "But where is the rich man?  
     Show us the homes of the wicked!"  
 Haven't you talked with travelers?  
     Don't you know from their tales  
 that the sinner escapes destruction  
     and is spared on the day of wrath?  
 No one condemns his sins  
     or punishes him for his crimes.  
 He is carried with pomp to the graveyard;  
     thousands weep by his coffin.

He is tucked into the earth,  
and flowers bloom on his grave.

How hollow then is your comfort!  
Your answers are empty lies.

# **The Third Round**



Then Eliphaz the Temanite said:

What use can man be to God--  
even the wisest of men?  
Does God profit from your goodness  
or gain by your perfect conduct?  
Would he sentence you for your piety  
or punish you for your virtue?

Your guilt must be great indeed;  
your crimes must be inconceivable.  
You cheated your dearest friends,  
stripped your debtors naked,  
stole food from the hungry,  
let the destitute starve,  
spat on widow and orphan,  
laughed in the beggar's face.  
That is why pain surrounds you  
and sudden terror has struck you.  
Light is turned to darkness,  
and the waves close over your head.

Since God is far up in heaven,  
higher than the highest stars,  
you think, "What does *he* know?  
Can he see through the thicket of clouds?  
How can he judge my actions,  
as he walks on the rim of the sky?"      °

Why do you keep on sinning,  
 as the wicked have always done?  
 They were cut off before their time;  
 they were swept away in a flood.  
 For they told God, "Leave us alone;  
 don't meddle in our affairs."  
 The righteous saw and were happy;  
 the innocent laughed at their fall.  
 Everything they had was destroyed,  
 and all their riches vanished.

Come now: make peace with God;  
 you will benefit if you do.  
 Listen to his instructions;  
 keep his words in your heart.  
 If you humble yourself before him  
 and banish sin from your house,  
 treating your gold like dust,  
 your silver like worthless pebbles,  
 then God will become your silver  
 and be far more precious than gold.  
 For then you will trust in God  
 and look to heaven for help.  
 You will pray, and he will hear you;  
 he will grant whatever you wish.  
 Everything you do will succeed,  
 and light will shine on your path.  
 For he does not abandon the innocent;  
 if you are pure, he will save you.

Then Job said:

Still my condition is desperate;  
 his fist beats on my skull.  
 If only I knew where to meet him  
 and could find my way to his court.  
 I would argue my case before him;  
 words would flow from my mouth.  
 I would counter all his arguments  
 and disprove his accusations.  
 Would he try to overpower me  
 or refuse to hear my defense?  
 Surely he would listen to reason;  
 I would surely win my case.  
 For he knows that I am innocent;  
 if he sifts me I will shine like gold.  
 My feet have walked on his way  
 and never strayed from his path.  
 I have kept all his commandments,  
 treasuring his words in my heart.

But he wills, and who can stop him?  
 What he wishes to do, he does.  
 He will go ahead with his plans,  
 devising my endless torment.  
 That is why he appalls me;  
 when I think of it, terror grips me.  
 He has wrung the strength from my mind  
 and filled my heart with sorrow.  
 Yet I am not silenced by darkness  
 or the night that covers my face.

Where are the days of judgment,  
 the times when the wicked are tried?  
 They steal land from their neighbors  
 and walk away with their flocks.  
 They drive off the orphan's donkey,  
 impound the widow's bull.  
 They push the weak from the pathway  
 and force the wretched to hide.

The poor, like herds of cattle,  
 wander across the plains,  
 searching all day for food,  
 picking up scraps for their children.  
 Naked, without a refuge,  
 they shiver in the bitter cold.  
 When it rains, they are drenched to the bone;  
 they huddle together in caves.  
 They carry grain for the wicked  
 and break their backs for the rich.  
 They press olives and starve,  
 crush grapes and go thirsty.

In the city the dying groan  
 and the wounded cry out for help;  
 but God sees nothing wrong.  
 At twilight the killer appears,  
 stalking his helpless victim.  
 The rapist waits for evening  
 and roams through the darkened streets.  
 The thief crawls from the shadows  
 with a hood pulled over his face.

They shut themselves in by day  
and hate the sight of the sun.  
Midnight to them is morning;  
they thrive in the terrors of night.

Then Bildad the Shuhite said:

How can a man be pure  
 or a son of woman be sinless?  
 If God despises the moon  
 and considers the stars to be tainted,  
 what about man, that worm,  
 that vile, stinking maggot?

Power belongs to God,  
 who makes peace in heaven.  
 Can his vast battalions be numbered?  
 Who can escape his onslaught?  
 The dead tremble beneath him;  
 demons shudder at his name.  
 The pit is naked before him;  
 below him the grave gapes wide.  
 He stretched the sky over chaos;  
 he hung the earth in the void.  
 He wrapped the waters in rain clouds,  
 and they didn't burst from the weight.  
 He set the horizon there,  
 at the boundary of light and darkness.  
 The pillars of heaven trembled;  
 the mountains shook at his rage.  
 With his power he bound the Sea;  
 with his cunning he crushed the Dragon.  
 He shattered the Ocean with his breath  
 and pierced the primeval Serpent.

These are the least of his works:  
 we hear no more than a whisper;  
 for who knows his thunderous might?

Then Job said:

How kind you all have been to me!  
How considerate of my pain!  
What would I do without you  
and the good advice you have given?  
Who has made you so tactful  
and inspired such compassionate words?

I swear by God, who has wronged me  
and filled my cup with despair,  
that while there is life in this body  
and as long as I can breathe,  
I will never let you convict me;  
I will never give up my claim.  
I will hold tight to my innocence;  
my mind will never move.

Then Zophar the Namathite said:

What can the sinner hope for  
 when God demands his life?  
 Is he able to trust in God  
 and cry out to him at that moment?  
 Will God be moved by his screaming  
 as death takes him by the throat?

This is the sinner's fate,  
 the violent man's reward:  
 Famine devours his daughters;  
 his sons are murdered by thieves.  
 He may heap up silver like dirt,  
 pile up the finest linen,  
 but the righteous inherit his wealth  
 and the innocent share his possessions.  
 His house is frail as a bird's nest,  
 weak as a watchman's hut.  
 He goes to sleep a rich man;  
 when he wakes up, his room is bare.  
 Waves of terror flood over him;  
 panic sweeps him away.  
 The east wind flings itself on him,  
 whirls him out of his bed,  
 claps its hands around him  
 and whistles him off in the dark.

# **The Summation**



Then Job said:

If only I could return  
 to the days when God was my guardian;  
 when his fire blazed above me  
 and guided me through the dark—  
 to the days when I was in blossom  
 and God was a hedge around me;  
 when he still hadn't deserted me  
 and my children were at my side;  
 when my feet were bathed in cream  
 and oil gushed from the rock.

As I walked to the square of the city  
 and took my seat of honor,  
 young men held their breath;  
 old men rose to their feet;  
 rich men stopped speaking  
 and put their fingers to their lips;  
 men of authority shuddered,  
 and their tongues stuck in their throats.

They listened to me in silence;  
 they clung to each of my words.  
 When I finished, they couldn't speak,  
 for my wisdom had showered over them.  
 They thirsted for my speech like rain  
 and drank it as if they were dust.

My smile gave them strength;  
 my radiant face inspired them.  
 I sat before them in majesty,  
 like a king at the head of his troops.

All ears were filled with my praise;  
 every eye was my witness.  
 For I rescued the poor, the desperate,  
 those who had nowhere to turn.  
 I brought relief to the beggar  
 and joy to the widow's heart.  
 Righteousness was my clothing,  
 justice my robe and turban.  
 I served as eyes for the blind,  
 hands and feet for the crippled.  
 To the destitute I was a father;  
 I fought for the stranger's rights.  
 I broke the jaws of the wicked,  
 plucked the spoil from their teeth.  
 And I thought, "I will live many years,  
 growing as old as the palm tree.  
 My roots will be spread for water,  
 and the dew will rest on my boughs."

And now I am jeered at by streetboys,  
 whose fathers I wouldn't choose  
 to watch over my dogs.  
 What are they but mongrels?  
 No one would call them men.  
 Shriveled up with hunger,  
 they gnaw the desolate wasteland.

They pick leaves from the bushes,  
 feed on stems and roots.  
 They are driven out from the cities,  
 shouted after like thieves,  
 to live out their days in the wilderness,  
 in caves or under rocks.  
 They grunt together in the bushes  
 and copulate in the dust—  
 these misbegotten wretches,  
 these outcasts from the land of men.

And now I am their fool;  
 they snigger behind my back.  
 They walk past me and sneer;  
 they come and spit in my face.  
 When they see me, frenzy takes them;  
 they turn into savage beasts.  
 They rush at me in a mob,  
 raise siege-ramps against me.  
 They tear down my defenses;  
 they swarm over my wall.  
 They burst in at the breach,  
 come pouring through like a flood.  
 Terror rises before me;  
 my courage is blown like the wind;  
 like a cloud my hope is gone.

And now I am in agony;  
 the days of sorrow have caught me.  
 Pain pierces my skin;  
 suffering gnaws my bones.

Despair grips me by the neck,  
 shakes me by the collar of my coat.  
 You show me that I am clay  
 and prove that I am dust.  
 I cry out, and you don't answer;  
 I am silent, and you don't care.  
 You have viciously turned against me  
 and lash me with all your might.  
 You toss me around in storm clouds,  
 straddle me on the wind.  
 And I know that you will kill me  
 and lock me in the house of the dead.

Did I ever strike down a beggar  
 when he called to me in distress?  
 Didn't I weep for the wretched?  
 Didn't I grieve for the poor?  
 Yet instead of good came evil,  
 and instead of light there was darkness.

My innards boil and clamor;  
 the days of suffering have caught me.  
 I despair and can find no comfort;  
 I stand up and cry for help.  
 I am brother to the wild jackal,  
 friend to the desert owl.  
 My flesh blackens and peels;  
 all my bones are on fire.  
 And my harp is tuned to mourning,  
 my flute to the sound of tears. \*

I made a pact with my eyes,  
 that I would not gaze at evil.  
 But what good has virtue done me?  
 How has God rewarded me?  
 Isn't disgrace for sinners  
 and misery for the wicked?  
 Can't he tell right from wrong  
 or keep his accounts in order?

If I ever held hands with malice  
 or my feet hurried to crime  
 (I will prove that I am innocent!  
 He will see with his own eyes!)—  
 if my legs strayed from the path  
 or my heart followed my glance  
 or a stain clung to my palms—  
 let strangers eat what I sowed  
 and tear out my crops by the roots!

If my loins were seduced by a woman  
 and I loitered at my neighbor's door—  
 let any man take my wife  
 and grind between her thighs!

If I scorned the rights of my servant  
 or closed my ears to his plea—  
 what would I do if God appeared?  
 If he questioned me, what could I answer?  
 Didn't the same God make us  
 and form us both in the womb?      \*

If I ever neglected the poor  
     or made the innocent suffer;  
 if I ate my meals in solitude  
     and didn't share with the hungry;  
 if I didn't clothe the naked  
     or care for the ragged beggar;  
 if his body didn't bless me  
     for the warmth of my sheep's wool;  
 if I ever abused the helpless,  
     knowing that I couldn't be punished—  
 let my arm fall from my shoulder  
     and my elbow be ripped from its socket!

If my land cried out against me;  
     if its furrows saw me and wept;  
 if I took its fruits without paying  
     or caused its tenants to sigh—  
 let thorns grow instead of wheat  
     and thistles instead of barley!

If I ever trusted in silver  
     or pledged allegiance to gold;  
 if I ever boasted of my riches  
     or took any credit for my wealth;  
 if I saw the sun in its splendor  
     or the bright moon moving  
 and my heart was ever seduced  
     and I kissed my hand in worship;  
 if I laughed when my enemy fell  
     or rejoiced when suffering found him  
 or allowed my tongue to sin  
     by binding him in a curse;

if my servants ever spoke  
    an unkind word to a guest  
(for I never shut out a stranger  
    or turned a traveler away);  
if I ever covered my crimes  
    or buried my sins in my heart,  
afraid of what people thought,  
    shivering behind my doors . . .

Oh if only God would hear me,  
    stated his case against me,  
    let me read his indictment.  
I would carry it on my shoulder,  
    wear it on my head like a crown.  
I would justify the least of my actions;  
    I would stand before him like a prince.



**Out of  
the Whirlwind**



Then God answered Job out of the whirlwind:

Who is this whose ignorant words  
 smear my design with darkness?  
 Stand up now like a man;  
 I will question you: come, instruct me.

Where were you when I planned the earth?  
 Tell me, if you are wise.  
 Do you know who took its dimensions,  
 measuring its length with a cord?  
 What were its pillars built on?  
 Who laid down its cornerstone,  
 while the morning stars burst into singing  
 and the angels shouted for joy!

Were you there when I stopped the waters,  
 as they issued gushing from the womb?  
 when I wrapped the ocean in clouds  
 and swaddled the sea in shadows?  
 when I closed it in with barriers  
 and set its boundaries, saying,  
 "Here you may come, but no farther;  
 here your proud waves break."

Have you ever commanded morning  
 or guided dawn to its place—

to hold the corners of the sky  
 and shake off the last few stars?  
 All things are touched with color;  
 the whole world is changed.

Have you walked through the depths of the ocean  
 or dived to the floor of the sea?  
 Have you stood at the gates of doom  
 or looked through the gates of death?  
 Have you seen to the edge of the universe?  
 Speak up, if you have such knowledge.

Where is the road to light?  
 Where does darkness live?  
 (Perhaps you'll escort them home  
 or show them the way to their house.)  
 You know, since you have been there  
 and are older than all creation.

Have you seen where the snow is stored  
 or visited the storehouse of hail,  
 which I keep for the day of terror,  
 the final hours of the world?  
 Where is the west wind released  
 and the east wind sent down to earth?

Who cuts a path for the thunderstorm  
 and carves a road for the rain—  
 to water the desolate wasteland,  
 the land where no man lives;

to make the wilderness blossom  
and cover the desert with grass?

Does the rain have a father?  
Who has begotten the dew?  
Out of whose belly is the ice born?  
Whose womb labors with the sleet?  
(The water's surface stiffens;  
the lake grows hard as rock.)

Can you tie the Twins together  
or loosen the Hunter's cords?  
Can you light the Evening Star  
or lead out the Bear and her cubs?  
Do you know all the patterns of heaven  
and how they affect the earth?

If you shout commands to the thunderclouds,  
will they rush off to do your bidding?  
If you clap for the bolts of lightning,  
will they come and say "Here we are"?  
Who gathers up the stormclouds,  
slits them and pours them out,  
turning dust to mud  
and soaking the cracked clay?

Do you hunt game for the lioness  
and feed her ravenous cubs,  
when they crouch in their den, impatient,  
or lie in ambush in the thicket?

Who finds her prey at nightfall,  
when her cubs ache with hunger?

Do you tell the antelope to calve  
or ease her when she is in labor?  
Do you count the months of her fullness  
and know when her time has come?  
She kneels; she tightens her womb;  
she pants, she presses, gives birth.  
Her little ones grow up;  
they leave and never return.

Who unties the wild ass  
and lets him wander at will?  
He ranges the open prairie  
and roams across the saltlands.  
He is far from the tumult of cities;  
he laughs at the driver's whip.  
He scours the hills for food,  
in search of anything green.

Is the wild ox willing to serve you?  
Will he spend the night in your stable?  
Can you tie a rope to his neck?  
Will he harrow the fields behind you?  
Will you trust him because he is powerful  
and leave him to do your work?  
Will you wait for him to come back,  
bringing your grain to the barn?     •

Do you deck the ostrich with wings,  
 with elegant plumes and feathers?  
 She lays her eggs in the dirt  
 and lets them hatch on the ground,  
 forgetting that a foot may crush them  
 or sharp teeth crack them open.  
 She treats her children cruelly,  
 as if they were not her own.  
 For God deprived her of wisdom  
 and left her with little sense.  
 When she spreads her wings to run,  
 she laughs at the horse and rider.

Do you give the horse his strength?  
 Do you clothe his neck with terror?  
 Do you make him leap like a locust,  
 snort like a blast of thunder?  
 He paws and champs at the bit;  
 he exults as he charges into battle.  
 He laughs at the sight of danger;  
 he doesn't wince from the sword  
 or the arrows nipping at his ears  
 or the flash of spear and javelin.  
 With his hooves he swallows the ground;  
 he quivers at the sound of the trumpet.  
 When the trumpet calls, he says "Ah!"  
 From far off he smells the battle,  
 the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Do you show the hawk how to fly,  
 stretching his wings on the wind?

Do you teach the vulture to soar  
and build his nest in the clouds?  
He makes his home on the mountaintop,  
the unapproachable crag.  
He sits and scans for prey;  
from far off his eyes can spot it;  
his little ones drink its blood.  
Where the unburied are, he is.

Then God said to Job:

Will God's accuser give in?  
Will my prosecutor defend himself?

Job said to God:

I am speechless: what can I answer?  
 I put my hand on my mouth.  
 I have said too much already;  
 now I will speak no more.

Then God again spoke to Job out of the whirlwind:

Do you dare to deny my judgment?  
 Am I wrong because you are right?  
 Is your arm like the arm of God?  
 Can your voice bellow like mine?  
 Dress yourself like an emperor.  
 Climb up onto your throne.  
 Unleash your savage justice.  
 Cut down the rich and the mighty.  
 Make the proud man grovel.  
 Pluck the wicked from their perch.  
 Push them into the grave.  
 Throw them, screaming, to hell.  
 Then I will admit  
 that your own strength can save you.

Look: the Beast before you:  
 he eats grass like a bull.  
 Look: the power in his thighs,  
 the pulsing sinews of his belly.  
 His penis stiffens like a pine;  
 his testicles bulge with vigor.

His ribs are bars of bronze,  
 his bones iron beams.  
 He is first of the works of God,  
 created to be my plaything.  
 He lies under the lotus,  
 hidden by reeds and shadows.  
 He is calm though the river rages,  
 though the torrent beats against his mouth.  
 Who then will take him by the eyes  
 or pierce his nose with a peg?

Will you catch the Serpent with a fishhook  
 or tie his tongue with a string?  
 Will you pass a rope through his nose  
 or crack his jaw with a pin?  
 Will he plead with you for mercy  
 and timidly beg your pardon?  
 Will he come to terms of surrender  
 and promise to be your slave?  
 Will you play with him like a sparrow  
 and put him on a leash for girls?  
 Will merchants bid for his carcass  
 and parcel him out to shops?  
 Will you riddle his skin with spears,  
 split his head with harpoons?  
 Go ahead: attack him:  
 you will not do it twice.

Look: hope is a lie:  
 you would faint at the very sight of him.  
 Who would dare to arouse him?  
 Who would stand in his way?

Who under all the heavens  
 could fight against him and live?  
 Who could pierce his armor  
 or shatter his coat of mail?  
 Who could pry open his jaws?  
 The arched teeth are horrible.  
 He sneezes and lightnings flash;  
 his eyes glow like dawn.  
 Smoke pours from his nostrils  
 like steam from a boiling pot.  
 His breath sets coals ablaze;  
 flames leap from his mouth.  
 Power beats in his neck,  
 and terror dances before him.  
 His skin is hard as a rock,  
 his heart firm as a boulder.  
 No sword can stick in his flesh;  
 javelins shatter against him.  
 He cracks iron like straw,  
 bronze like rotten wood.  
 Arrows only tickle him;  
 slingstones hit him and crumble.  
 He chews clubs to splinters  
 and laughs at the quivering spear.  
 His belly is thick with spikes;  
 he drags the swamp like a rake.  
 When he rises the waves tremble  
 and the breakers fall before him.  
 He makes the ocean boil,  
 lashes the sea to a froth.  
 His wake glistens behind him;  
 the waters are white with foam.

No one on earth is his equal—  
a creature without fear.  
He looks down on the highest.  
He is king of all the proud beasts.

Then Job said to God:

I know you can do all things  
and nothing you wish is impossible.  
*Who is this whose ignorant words  
cover my design with darkness?*  
I have spoken of the unspeakable  
and tried to grasp the infinite.  
*Listen and I will speak;*  
*I will question you: come, instruct me.*  
I had heard of you with my ears;  
but now my eyes have seen you.  
Therefore I will be quiet,  
comforted that I am dust.

# **Epilogue:**

## **The Legend**



After he had spoken to Job, God said to Eliphaz the Temanite, "I am very angry at you and your two friends, because you have not spoken the truth about me, as my servant Job has. So take seven bulls and seven rams and go to my servant Job and offer a sacrifice for yourselves. My servant Job will pray for you, and for his sake I will overlook your sin. For you have not spoken the truth about me, as my servant Job has." So Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Namathite went and did what God had commanded. And God accepted Job's prayer.

Then God returned all Job's possessions, and gave him twice as much as he had before. All his relatives and everyone who had known him came to his house to celebrate. They commiserated with him over all the suffering that God had inflicted on him. As they left, each one gave him a coin or a gold ring.

So God blessed the end of Job's life more than the beginning. Job now had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand donkeys. He also had seven sons and three daughters: the eldest he named Dove, the second Cinnamon, and the third Azure. And in all the world there were no women as beautiful as Job's daughters. He gave them a share of his possessions along with their brothers.

After this, Job lived for a hundred and forty years. He lived to see his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren. And he died at a very great age.



## **Afterword and Notes**



## AFTERWORD

It has been said of the Hebrew Bible that in *Psalms* there is no connection between one chapter and the next, in *Proverbs* between one verse and the next, and in *Job* between one word and the next.

The language of *Job* is, to be sure, notoriously difficult, and before the translator can arrive at a first draft, he is faced with a thicket of textual problems. Here are a few examples.\*

Job's final words sound something like this in the original Hebrew:

*al ken em'as*  
*v'nihamti al afar va'efer*

and in the King James version are translated:

Wherefore I abhor *myself*,  
and repent in dust and ashes. (42:6)

This is perhaps the most important verse in the poem. Is Job here "a witness who is still trembling in every limb with the terror of almost total annihilation, a half-crushed human worm, grovelling in the dust"?† The voice from the whirlwind would not have taught him much, in that case, except that his friends' degraded view of man was, after all, correct.

But in fact, there is no basis in the Hebrew for such a translation. The verb in the first line, *em'as*, clearly means "to reject" or, secondarily, "to regard as of little value"; never "to abhor or

\* For those interested in the Hebrew text, a more comprehensive set of notes follows on p. 107.

† C. G. Jung, *Answer to Job* (Princeton University Press 1973, Bollinger Paperback), p. 5.

despise." What is not clear is the thrust of *em'as*, since its object has somehow fallen out of the present text. Here the translator is forced to improvise. "Myself," based on a false understanding of the verb, is unlikely. A sounder interpretation, first proposed in the ancient Syriac version, is:

Therefore I consider worthless [everything I have said]....

In the second line, the phrase *nihamtī al* can mean "to repent of" or, as in every other instance in *Job*, "to be comforted about," but not "to repent [sitting] in or upon." Nor does *afar v'afer* indicate the place where Job is sitting. Both *afar* and *efer* mean "dust, crumbled earth," and the phrase always refers to the human body, which was created from dust and returns to dust. So a literal translation would be:

and I am comforted about [being] dust.

Job hasn't heard, he has *seen* the voice from the whirlwind. It is a deep insight into the universe beyond understanding, the God beyond good and evil. The morning stars in their ardor at the first dawn, the wasteland barren or bursting into grass, the horse exulting in the thick of carnage, the huge incarnations of evil which are divine playthings—what are these but the presentation of ultimate truth? There is no meaning. God's message is not other than himself.

I had heard of you with my ears;  
but now my eyes have seen you. (42:5)

No one can see God and live. Presented with the vibrant, inhuman universe beyond his own existence, Job can see what before he only knew: that he is dust, the merest speck, nothing at all. This is an annihilation that allows him his final release into silence. There is no room for self-assertion or self-abasement. There is only the pure poverty of acceptance.

*Job* probably dates from the seventh to fifth centuries before the common era. But the earliest Hebrew manuscript that sur-

vives was written some fifteen hundred years later. Through many centuries of oral and scribal transmission, corruptions are bound to occur even in the simplest text; and *Job*, because of its strange idiom and the extreme compression of its verse, must have seemed difficult even to the poet's contemporaries. Difficult, and scandalous. In several places, it is obvious that some scribe has deliberately altered a word, out of a pious desire to suppress Job's blasphemy. And there are numerous other errors which must be due to inadvertence or misunderstanding.

However these corruptions came into being, they are there, in plain view, and the translator can make only the most tenuous sense out of many verses, unless he emends them. Some emendations may require revision of every word in a line; but most are relatively simple, requiring the change of a letter or two. For example, in chapter 5, verses 6-7 in the traditional (Massoretic) text can be rendered:

For pain doesn't spring from the dust  
or sorrow sprout from the soil:  
man is born to sorrow  
as surely as sparks fly upward.

Not only is the second verse a weak antithesis; it contradicts Eliphaz's entire argument that misfortune is *not* the common lot of man, as Job thinks, and is not part of the natural order, but is rather the direct result of an individual's wickedness or folly. Now the original written Hebrew consisted just of consonants; the vowel-points were added during the seventh century C.E. by rabbinic scholars called the Massoretes, following the then current tradition of pronunciation. A slight change in vowel-points here (*yulad* to *yolid*) yields a verse that fits well in the context:

man gives birth to sorrow  
as surely as sparks fly upward.

Some emendations carry with them the authority of the Septuagint, the ancient Greek translation, which dates from the sec-

ond century B.C.E. and follows a different, possibly older, textual tradition than the Massoretic text. The relation of the Septuagint to the Hebrew Bible is itself a highly complex matter; the translation is often paraphrastic, and there are many errors and lacunae. But sometimes the Greek will be crystal clear where the Hebrew is muddled or meaningless. A simple instance occurs in 23:13:

For he [God] is in one, and who can turn him back?  
What he wishes to do, he does.

The first phrase has been interpreted, with varying degrees of strain, as meaning “he is of one mind” or “he is alone in power.” But the Septuagint, instead of *b>hd*, “in one,” reads as if it is translating *bhr*, “has chosen”:

For he has decided, and who can turn him back?  
What he wishes to do, he does.

This makes perfect sense. And it is easy to account for the corruption: *r* was miswritten as *d*, which it closely resembles in Hebrew script; then some later scribe changed *bhd*, which has no meaning, to *b>hd*.

Emendation is one way of reaching a true text. Another is comparative philology. (There is no way to recover *the* true text; all interpretations are to some extent arbitrary; and in the end the only method is one’s own intuition.) Quite a few of the obscure expressions in *Job* can be elucidated by reference to cognates in other ancient Near Eastern languages. One example occurs in 39:21:

He [the horse] paws in the valley and rejoices;  
in strength he goes out to meet the weapons.

The noun *Cmq*, which usually means “valley” in Hebrew, means “strength, violence” in Akkadian and Ugaritic. There is an obvious parallel in the second line, and since parallelism is a structural principle of Hebrew poetry, the verse can with assurance be translated:

He paws violently and rejoices;  
he runs furiously to meet the weapons.

Sometimes in *Job* there are verses, and even entire passages, which are so obscure, or where the text is so corrupt, that no solution seemed acceptable. I have chosen to omit such verses, when the omission did no damage to the continuity of the translation. I have also deleted scribal glosses and verses which seemed redundant or out of place, and have occasionally changed the order of verses as they appear in the Massoretic text.

The Elihu interlude, which has long been recognized as a later addition, and chapter 28, with its uncharacteristic stanza-form and its unruffled piety, have been left out as well.

Literal translations of *Job* may convey its sense more or less accurately, but no literal translation can hope to embody the grandeur and pulsing urgency of its style. In trying to make *Job* into a living poem, my primary obligation has been to the rhythms and images in English. I have translated closely when possible, freely when necessary; and have not hesitated to improvise, on those few occasions when less drastic methods seemed inadequate.

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## ABBREVIATIONS

A	Aquila
cj.	conjecture
LXX	Septuagint
MT	Massoretic text
Q	Qere □
Q tg	Qumran Targum
§	Syriac (Peshitta)
¶	Targum
¶	Vulgate
Θ	Theodotion
Σ	Symmachus
>	lacking in
AJSL	<i>American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literature</i>
BCCT	<i>The Bible in Current Catholic Thought</i> , ed. J. L. McKenzie, New York 1962.
BH	<i>Biblia Hebraica</i> , ed. R. Kittel, 3d ed., Stuttgart 1937; 4th ed., 1974.
CBQ	<i>Catholic Biblical Quarterly</i>
GSAI	<i>Giornale della società asiatica italiana</i>
HUCA	<i>Hebrew Union College Annual</i>
JBL	<i>Journal of Biblical Literature</i>
JJS	<i>Journal of Jewish Studies</i>
JKF	<i>Jahrbuch für kleinasiatische Forschung</i>
JNES	<i>Journal of Near Eastern Studies</i>
JQR	<i>Jewish Quarterly Review</i>
JTS	<i>Journal of Theological Studies</i>

K-B	L. Koehler, W. Baumgartner, <i>Lexicon in Veteris Testamenti Libros</i> , 1st ed., Leiden 1958; 3d ed., 1967, 1974.
KJ	King James version
NEB	<i>New English Bible</i> , Oxford and Cambridge 1970.
PF	<i>Promise and Fulfilment: Essays Presented to S. H. Hooke</i> , ed. F. F. Bruce, Edinburgh 1963.
OLZ	<i>Orientalistische Literaturzeitung</i>
RSV	Revised Standard version
ThZ	<i>Theologische Zeitschrift</i>
VT	<i>Vetus Testamentum</i>
VTS	<i>Vetus Testamentum Supplement</i>
ZAW	<i>Zeitschrift für die alttestamentliche Wissenschaft</i>

## TEXTUAL AND PHILOLOGICAL NOTES

2:8 *hɔ̄pr* For the principal meaning, "dust," see K-B<sup>3</sup> *ad loc.* The only biblical instance of the meaning "ashes" is Num. 19:9f.

3:3 *hrh* Read *hinnēh* or *hərē* (LXX). Literally, "the night which announced: 'It's a boy!'" MT is possible, but LXX seems superior for the following reasons:

1. "Job's quarrel is not with his conception, but with his birth, with the fact that he has issued from the womb living into the world with its life of trouble and pain; to have been conceived, yet not to have been born, is indeed one of the two alternative fates—the silence of the womb or the silence of Sheol—that he desires: if his mother had miscarried, or if he had been still-born, all would still, even in spite of his conception, have been well with him" (Gray).
2. The night of vv. 7–9 seems to be the night of birth, since *rnnh* almost certainly refers to the rejoicing at the birth of a child (cf. 38:7f.; Jer. 20:15). Although *glmwd* (v. 7) may mean the inability to conceive (thus talmudic *glmwdh*), it may just as well mean the inability to bear children (cf. Is. 49:21, *škwlh wglmwdh*); and v. 10, which has night as the subject of at least one of its hemistichs, is certainly a cursing of Job's birth rather than of his conception (cf. Is. 66:9).
3. The emended verse observes a temporal sequence—from the day when Job was being born to the night when he was born (v. 10 appears to observe the same sequence).

6 *hlylh* Read *hayyôm* (cj. Hontheim); cf. v. 6b, before which § inserts *ywm* □ *hw*. This emendation restores the curse's remarkable symmetry: vv. 3a, 4-6, and 10a refer to the day, vv. 3b, 7-9, and 10b to the night; and just as *yhy hšk* (cf. Gen. 1:3) introduces the cursing of the day, *yhy glmwđ* introduces the cursing of the night.

*hlylh* seems to have intruded from v. 7 and *hywm* to have dropped out afterwards, perhaps because of *ywm* in v. 5. The three stages in the development of the text would thus be: (1) *hywm hhw* □, (2) *hywm (hhw* □) *hlylh hhw* □ = LXX *hē hēmera* (MSS *ekeinē*) *kai hē nux ekeinē*, (3) *hlylh hhw* □ = MT.

*yhd* Point *yēhad* (Σ, ॥, ॥, §, Saadia).

7 *hn̄h* Delete (>LXX, §, ॥, 1 MS). This word may have been added, after the corruption in v. 6, by a scribe who felt uneasy about the repetition of *hlylh hhw* □.

8 *ywm* Schmidt's conjecture *yām* (in Gunkel, *Schöpfung und Chaos*, Göttingen 1921, p. 59) is attractive, and G. R. Driver (VTS 3, 72) supports it by citing an Aramaic incantation: "I will cast spells upon you with the spell of the sea and the spell of the dragon Leviathan." But Fishbane (VT 21, 160 ff.) suggests that in the context of an incantation, wordplay and puns are to be expected. Thus we have □*rry* - □*rr* - □*wr*, *yqbhw* - *yqw*; and *yg* □ *lhw* ("claim; defile"), *kmryry* ("blackness; bitterness"), *yqbhw* ("curse; pierce"), *gyl* ("tomb; exultation"), and perhaps *yhd* ("join; rejoice"). It is quite possible, then, that MT is correct, with a play on *yām*: "a clever paratactic device for preserving two mythologems of the Dragon."

16 Transfer after v. 12.

*l* □ Point *lū* □ (Pope).

17 *rs̄ym* Beer notes that this word and *ygȳy kh* are parallel expressions and that *rgz* in v. 26 has a passive meaning. "Therefore the *rs̄ym* here must be those disquieted by others. Already Ibn Ezra and Ramban explained *rs̄ym* correctly as *hmtnw̄ym*, giving the root *rs̄* here the meaning which many exegetes accept for *yršȳ* in 34:29. But *rs̄* is not authenticated in Hebrew as a metaplasim of *r̄s̄*. Therefore the reading *rō̄ "šim* is to be preferred. Cf. Jer. 4:24."

22 *gyl š*, 1 MS read *gal*. Guillaume (PF, 110) compares Arabic *gal*, "the interior side of a grave."

4:3 *ysrt* Yellin cites Hos. 7:15, where *hzqty* is parallel to (or a gloss for) *ysrty*, and suggests that both verbs (and also *ms̄*) in their root meanings refer to tying or tightening, hence strengthening. For *hzq*, cf. Is. 22:21, 28:22, etc.; for *ms̄*, cf. 2 Sam. 15:12, Pr. 31:17, etc.; for *ysr*, cf. *môsēr*.

*rbym* Point *rābîm* (NEB). G. R. Driver compares Akkadian *ribu*, "quaking," and Arabic *raibâ(y)*, "to waver." Tur-Sinai compares Arabic *rwb*, "to take fright, be dumbfounded." Parallel to *ydym rpwt*.

11 *bd* "This means 'to go forth alone,' said of the lioness parted from her cubs (cf. Deut. 26:5) and is in parallelism with *ytprd*, 'to go forth separately'" (Ehrlich; cf. 29:13, 31:19). For the image, cf. 38:41, where *yt̄w lbly bd kl = bd mby trp*. *bd* means "to go astray" in 1 Sam. 9:3,20; Jer. 50:6; Ez. 34:4,16; Ps. 2:12, 119:176. (But in Ps. 92:10 *ybdw* is parallel to *ytprd* and probably means "to perish.")

13 *trdmh* Parallel to *hzynwt*. "This passage, as well as Dan. 8:18 and 10:9, might fairly serve as proof that the specific meaning 'prophetic ecstasy, vision' which was attributed to the word *trdmh* is still traceable as far

back as the Hebrew linguistic consciousness of late-biblical times." See I. L. Seeligmann, *The Septuagint Version of Isaiah*, Leiden 1948, p. 53, for the biblical and midrashic evidence (also Fullerton, *JBL* 49, 347). Cf. especially Gen. 2:21 and 15:12, where *trdmh* is translated by LXX as *ekstasis* and "evidently conceived as meaning a prophetic exaltation." It is interesting to see how Milton's subtle intuition led him into the scene in Eden:

"He ended, or I heard no more; for now  
My earthly, by his heav'nly overpowered,  
Which it had long stood under, strained to the highth  
In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called  
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which,  
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
Though sleeping where I lay, and saw the Shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood . . ."

*Paradise Lost* viii 452 ff.

By the same token, *šcpym* here means not merely anxious thoughts, or even nightmares, but rather the dread which may accompany visions or trances, as LXX (*phoboi*) correctly senses.

19      *čš* Delitzsch compares Arabic *čašš*, Akkadian *čašašu*, "bird's nest," and points *čāš*. Cf. 27:18, where the parallelism with *skh* indicates that *čš* is the built rather than the builder.

20      *mby msym* Doubtful, even as an ellipsis, since the Hiphil of *sym* was not in use (Ehrlich). Dahood's

reading *mibb<sup>o</sup>li-m šēm* is interesting and possible. But the identification of the enclitic *mem*, always an arbitrary procedure, is especially questionable in *Job*, where there is not one clear example of its occurrence. [Sarna (JJS 6, 109) cites 7:15, 8:8, and 15:18, along with some less likely examples. But the latter two verses are ambiguous, and MT seems preferable, while in the first it is more probable that LXX did not read the *mem* than that it understood it as enclitic.]

I have followed LXX's reading, *para to mē dunasthai autous heautois boēthēsaī apōlonto*, which probably = *mib<sup>o</sup>ly mōši<sup>o</sup> C* (Merx; cf. 6:13, 26:2). But see Orlinsky, HUCA xxxv, 59 ff.

5:3 *mōšryš* Read *m<sup>o</sup>šōrāš* (cj. Duhm).

*w<sup>o</sup>qwb* I have followed LXX *ebrōthē* and *§ w<sup>o</sup>bd<sup>o</sup>*, which seem to read *wayyūqab* (Cheyne) or *w<sup>o</sup>rāqab* (Merx). The person of the verb in MT may be due to a false analogy with *r<sup>o</sup>yty*.

5 *qṣyrw* Read *qāṣrū* (LXX).

*w<sup>o</sup>š<sup>o</sup>p* LXX *eksiphōnistheiē*, *¶ bibent*. Read *w<sup>o</sup>šā<sup>o</sup>pū* (Dhorme) or *w<sup>o</sup>šā<sup>o</sup>bū* (Graetz).

*ṣmym* Read *ṣ<sup>o</sup>mē<sup>o</sup>im* (A, Σ, §, Saadia).

7 *ywld* Point *y<sup>o</sup>blid* (Böttcher). See Afterword, p. 99. For *lamed* accusative in *l<sup>o</sup>ml*, cf. v. 2, 9:11, 12:23, 19:28. "It is evident that the first hemistich is going to give the affirmative parallel, since it repeats the word *l<sup>o</sup>ml* and contrasts *dm* with *d<sup>o</sup>mh*. The presence of *l* before *l<sup>o</sup>ml* has induced the pointing of MT and the versions, which take *ywld* as a passive. Cf. the use of *hwlyd* in Is. 59:4. The antithesis between the statement in v. 7, as emended, and that of v. 6 is thus clearly apparent" (Dhorme).

15      *mpyhm*    Read *p<sup>et</sup>āyim* (cj. Pope) or *mu<sup>p</sup>āh* (cj. BH<sup>4</sup>). Cf. *Y*, which adds *egenum*, and Saadia, who adds *l<sup>am</sup>Cpy*, as objects of the verb.

21      *bšw<sup>t</sup>*    Point *b<sup>et</sup>šút* (Saadia): parallel to *ky ybw*.

6:3      *l<sup>am</sup>w*     $\Sigma$  *katapikroi*, *Y* *dolore sunt plena*. See Sutcliffe, *Biblica* 31, 365 ff., who compares Arabic *la<sup>am</sup>a*, “to be anxious, fainthearted”; *law<sup>am</sup>ah*, “suffering, sorrow, despondency.”

6      *ḥlmwt*    *zJ bryr*  $\supset$  *dḥlmwn*. See Dhorme, *ad loc.*

7      *hmh*    Read *zih<sup>am</sup>āh* (Wright; 3 MSS LXX *brōmon*). Cf. 33:20, which also has *l<sup>am</sup>m* as object. Still, *kdw<sup>y</sup> l<sup>am</sup>my* is difficult, and Dhorme’s conjecture *zih<sup>am</sup>āh k<sup>eb</sup>ōdī l<sup>am</sup>my* may be the best solution.

13      *h<sup>am</sup> & h<sup>am</sup>, Y ecce.*

18–19    I have combined these verses.

21      *Cth*    Read *Cattem* (LXX, §).

l<sup>am</sup> (Q *lw*)    Read *Cālāy* (§); cf. LXX *moi aneleēmōnes* (for this reading, see Orlinsky, HUCA xxxiii, 130 ff.). Most scholars accept Michaelis’ emendation of *ky* to *kn*; but, as Stevenson remarks, it is more likely that vv. 15–20 refer to Job’s kinsmen than to his three friends.

26      *wlrw<sup>h</sup>*    Point *ul<sup>erawwēh</sup>* and compare Arabic *raw-wāha*, “to give rest to” (Guillaume). Questionable; but the grammar and parallelism seem to require a verb. McNeile’s conjecture *ul<sup>erib</sup>* is another possibility.

7:4      Insert *yōm* after *mty* (LXX) and read *āmātay* for *wmdd* (LXX). See Dhorme, *ad loc.*

6      *tqwh*    Ibn Ezra notes both meanings, “thread” and “hope.”

15  $\subset\text{smwty}$  Read  $\subset\text{asmōtāy}$  (LXX, §, ۯ). As *mwt* is parallel to *mhnq*, so  $\subset\text{smwty}$  is parallel to *npš*. (LXX reads *mmwt*, the first *mem* perhaps due to dittography or to parallelism with its reading *mēheneq*.)

20  $\subset\text{ly}$  One of the eighteen acknowledged *tiqqunē sopherim*. LXX, perhaps correctly, reads  $\subset\text{āleykā}$ .

8:4 *byd* For the meaning “for, because of,” see Gordis, JBL 62, 341 ff.

6  $y\subset\text{yr}\subset\text{lyk}$  LXX *deēseōs epakousetai soi*. For  $\subset\text{yr}$  = Semitic *ḡjr*, “watch over, guard,” see Hartmann, VTS 16, 102 ff.; cf. Dan. 4:10. Yellin compares Deut. 32:11 and several verses in which *šmr* means “to be awake.”

*nwt* Yellin compares Arabic *nwy*, “intention”; cf. Jer. 31:23. G. R. Driver cites Hab. 2:5, *yanweh* (MT *yinweh*), “fulfilled his purpose.”

8 *wkwnn* § *wtbyn*.

13  $\supset\text{rhwt}$  LXX reads  $\supset\text{ahərīt}$ . Dhorme, in support of MT, cites Pr. 1:19.

14  $\supset\text{š} yqw\text{t}$  Saadia *ḥabl eš-šams*. Read *qiššūrē qayiṭ* (cj. Peters). Of the various conjectures purported to mean “gossamer” or “web,” this one is closest to MT. Unsubstantiated and questionable; but there is no better solution.

17 *byt* K-B<sup>3</sup> compares Aramaic, Syriac, Mandaic *byt*, “between.” (1 MS *byn*.)

*yḥzh* Read *yōḥēz* = *yō\supset\text{hēz}* (cj. Budde).

21  $\subset\text{d}$  Point  $\subset\text{d}$  (Houbigant). LXX *de*.

9:16  $qr\supset\text{ty}\text{ w}\subset\text{nn}y$  Point *qārā\supset\text{t}w ya\subset\text{a}nēnī* (Ehrlich). (LXX = MT, as Orlinsky shows, HUCA xxix, 247.)

17 *bś\subset\text{rh}* Point *b<sup>e</sup>ša\subset\text{a}rāh* (§, ۷).

19 *yw* *ydny* Read *yθ* *idennū* (LXX, §). “*mšpt* here means not judgment, but argumentation. The Hiphil of *wd* means ‘to repeat an object;’ hence ‘to furnish a second example of it in oneself or in another’” (Ehrlich). Cf. Jer. 49:19, where *y* *ydny* is parallel to *kmwñy*; Lam. 2:13, where *ycydk* (*Y comparabo*) is parallel to *dmh lk*.

20 *py* Read *p̄w* (cj. Olshausen). See note to 13:15 below. This and *nk̄y* in v. 35 are clearly *tiqqunē sopherim*.

27 *z̄zbh* G. R. Driver (VTS 3, 76) compares Arabic *adaba* IV, “to make agreeable.” Dahood (JBL 78, 304) compares Ugaritic *db*, “to arrange.”

31 *bš̄ht* LXX *en rhupō, Y sordibus*. Hoffmann’s reading *b̄šuḥōt* is probably correct. But see Pope, *ad loc.*

33 *l* Point *lū* (LXX, §; 13 MSS *lw*).

34 *w* *mtw* Point *w̄ammāt̄b* (Dahood); cf. 13:21, 33:7.

35 *nk̄y* Read *hū* (cj. Torczyner, Ehrlich). Thus Seeligmann, VTS 16, 268.

10:1 *l̄y* Read *l̄lāyw* (LXX).

8 *yhd* *sbyb* Read *ahar sōbēb* (LXX).

9 *khmr* Read *hōmer* (LXX: dittography).

16 *wyg* *h* Read *w̄eḡ* *eh* (§). Literally, “If I rise, you hunt me like a lion / and perform miracles against me.”

20 *ymy* *yndl* *yṣyt* (Q *yāmay waḥādāl w̄š̄it*) Read *ȳmē* *heldi* *ṣit* (LXX, §). LXX *eason* *me* may indicate *š̄eḥ*.

22 *sdrym* LXX *phengos*, which may = *n̄hārāh* (Schwally; cf. 3:4). But Schultens (*Liber Jobi*, Lugduni Batavorum 1737) compares Arabic *sdr*, “light.”

11:2      *hrb* Point *h̄rab* (LXX, Σ, Ι, Χ, Saadia).

4      *lqhy* LXX *tois ergois*, which may indicate *lekti*.

5      *hyty* Read *hāyitā* (cj. Ehrlich).

6      *kplym* Read *ḥ̄lāyim* = *ḥ̄lād̄im* (cj. Beer).

8      *mh tp*  $\subset l$  “This means ‘what can you conceive?’ Cf. Ps. 58:3 and Arabic *p*  $\subset l$  *viii*” (Ehrlich).

10     *yhlp* Read *yahtōp* (cj. Graetz); cf. 9:12. LXX *katastrepē* seems to support this reading; but the relation of the whole hemistich in LXX to MT is unclear, and in 9:12 it translates differently.

11     *wyqhyl* “Condemn, literally ‘call an assembly,’ for the purpose of condemning a culprit” (Pope). Guillaume compares Arabic *qahala*, “to administer a severe rebuke.”

11     *wl*  $\supset ytbwnn § does not translate *l*  $\supset$ ; Θ, Ι, Χ translate as an interrogative. Reuss’s reading *lō* may be correct.$

12     *pr*  $\supset dm$  “Gen. 16:12 shows that *pr*  $\supset dm$  is a unit. Dahood (CBQ 25, 123 f.) has shown that  $\supset dm$  is sometimes equivalent to  $\supset dmh$ , ‘ground.’ Accordingly, *pr*  $\supset dm$  would mean ‘a wild ass of the steppe’” (Pope).

13     *hkynwt* LXX *katharan ethou*.

17     *t*  $\subset ph$  Point *t*  $\subset ḫpāh (§, Ι, 3 MSS).$

18     *whprt* “Point *w* *huppartā* and compare Arabic *hafara*, ‘to shelter’” (Ehrlich).

12:2      $\subset m$  This word undoubtedly conceals a parallel to *hknh*. Reider (VT 4, 289 f.) compares Arabic *ṣmym* (pl. *ṣm*), “complete, perfect, without deficiency.” Dahood (*Psalms I*, New York 1966, pp. 112 f.; *Psalms*

*II*, New York 1968, pp. xxiii, 316) proposes a root  $\text{C}mm$ , “to be strong, wise,” cognate with  $\text{C}mq$ , and compares, among other verses, 1 Sam. 17:42, Ez. 28:3, Ps. 89:20. These explanations, though neither is entirely convincing, are less strained than Beer’s emendation to  $\text{C}arūmmīm$  or Klostermann’s to *hayyōdīCm*.

*tmwt* Read *tūmat* (A, Σ). Thus Mekhilta to Ex. 18:8. Cf. 36:4, 37:16.

8 *syh lDrs* Read *shēl Dereṣ* (cj. RSV).

17, 19 I have combined these verses.

18 *mwst* Point *mōsēr* (I, V).

21 *mzyh* A *hapax legomenon*, not to be identified with *mēzah*. Geers (AJSL 34, 132) derives it from Aramaic *zw̫*, “to be proud, overbearing”; cf. Eccl. 8:11.

23 *wynhm* Read *wayyimhēm* (cj. Ball). “Wright and Gray, who accept the pointing *wayannihēm*, postulate a meaning ‘and abandons them’; but the verb *hnyh*, when it has as its complement ‘nations,’ means ‘leave in peace’ (Jg. 2:23, 3:1). Again, one cannot argue on the basis of 2 Kg. 18:11, to give to *wayannihēm* ‘and leads them’ the meaning ‘deport,’ for it is clear, in the light of 2 Kg. 17:6 and the versions, that the word is to be pointed *wayannihēm* ‘and established them.’ Ball’s reading here is an excellent parallel to *wyDbdm*” (Dhorme).

13:12 *lgby* Beer compares Syriac *gwb*, “to answer.” Eitan (AJSL 45, 203) cites the Arabic and Aramaic cognates.

14  $\text{C}lmh$  Delete (> LXX: dittography).

15 *drky* Read *dərākāyw* (2 MSS). “This correction is necessary, because with MT the danger of the act in 15a is too highly exaggerated. The case is altogether

different, however, if Job is speaking here of criticizing *God's* conduct" (Ehrlich). Moreover, *hwkyh* in Job means either "to rebuke" or "to judge," and this would be the only instance in the entire Bible of a meaning "to justify." (According to Seeligmann's study of the root in VTS 16, 251 ff., such a meaning is improbable.) The aggressive connotation of *cl pnyw* (cf. 1:11, 21:31; with *drky* one would expect simply *lpnyw*) makes the emendation almost certain. "It is entirely possible that *drkyw* was consciously altered to *drky* in order to weaken the expression. Similar modifications are not lacking elsewhere in the MT of Job. The *tlqqun sopherim* in 7:20, without doubt a conscious modification, brings a certain confirmation to this opinion. In our verse, the context is, precisely, more audacious than in 7:20" (Seeligmann).

21      *wɔ̄mtk* Point *wɔ̄ammāṭkā* (Dahood).

28      Transfer after 14:2.

krqb Point *k̄rōqeb* (LXX, §, 7).

14:3    *wɔ̄ty* Read *wɔ̄ōṭōd* (LXX, §, 8).

6       *wȳhdl* Read *wah̄adāl* (Budde: 1 MS). Cf. 7:16, Jer. 40:4.

10      *wȳhlš* LXX *ōcheto*. Eitan compares Arabic *halasa*, "to snatch away, carry off." See the fine discussion in his *A Contribution to Biblical Lexicography*, New York 1924, pp. 42 ff.

12c     Orlinsky (JQR 28, 57 ff.) demonstrates that this "is a gloss of *lɔ̄ yqyṣw* which could have come into existence only after the original meaning of *yqyṣw* had been forgotten, and that *yqyṣw* is an 'Arabism,' *qɔ̄s*, 'to tear asunder.' These conclusions do away with all anomalies of meter, syntax, and style, and account for

the rendering of LXX." I have translated 12b so that the statement appears more clearly as contrary-to-fact, rather than apocalyptic.

16f. Less freely: "Then you would delight in me, / overlooking my sins. / You would seal my guilt in a scroll / and cancel all my offenses."

15:5 *lšwn* Point *lāšôn* (Blommerde). Parallel to *pyk*.

12 *yrzmn* Read *y<sup>e</sup>rūmān* (LXX, 1 MS).

18 *khdw m<sup>o</sup>bwtm* Read *kih<sup>a</sup>dām*  $\supset$  *ab<sup>o</sup>b<sup>o</sup>tām* (LXX).

22 *wšpw* (Q *wšpw<sup>y</sup>*) LXX *entetalta<sup>i</sup>*, which probably indicates *w<sup>o</sup>šāp<sup>o</sup>l<sup>u</sup>n*.

23a Read *nōdād* [or *nō<sup>o</sup>ād*] *hū<sup>o</sup>l<sup>o</sup>lehem*  $\supset$  *ayyāh* (LXX). (But see Orlinsky, HUCA xxxv, 72 f.)

23b *bydw* Read *pīdō* (Wright; LXX *ptōma*).

24 Insert *ywm h<sup>o</sup>šk* from v. 23 (LXX).

29 *mnlm* There is no satisfactory explanation of this word. Dahood (BCCT, 60 ff.; after Zorell, after Saadia) compares Arabic *manāl*, "acquisition"; but his exegesis depends upon an understanding of  $\supset$  *rs* as "underworld," a meaning which it does not have in any of its fifty-odd other occurrences in *Job*. I have followed LXX *ou mē balē epi tēn gēn rhizan* (*sic*: see Orlinsky, HUCA xxxiii, 136 ff.), which is probably a guess.

30 *wyswr* LXX *ekpesoi*,  $\aleph$  *auferetur*. Perles's conjecture *wīsō<sup>o</sup>ār* may be correct.

*brw<sup>h</sup>* Point *bārū<sup>h</sup>* (Beer).

*pyw* Read *pīr<sup>h</sup>ō* (LXX).

32 *tmwrtw* Transfer from v. 31 (LXX). LXX *hē tomē autou*. Point *timōrātō* (Beer; cf. §) or read *z<sup>e</sup>mōrātō* (Driver).

16:4  $\supset hbyrh$  Finkelstein (JBL 75, 328 ff.) compares Akkadian *hbr*, “to make noise”; cf. Ps. 58:6, Pr. 21:9.

5  $\supset yhsk$  Read *lō*  $\supset ehsōk$  (LXX, §).

7 There are two problems with MT: the stichometry and the person of the verbs. (God is nowhere else addressed in chapters 16–17, except possibly for the obscure 17:3 f.)

*hl*  $\supset ny$  *hsmwt* Point *hel*  $\supset unī$  *haššāmōt* (Tur-Sinai); cf. Ps. 46:9.

*kl*  $\subset dty$  (>LXX) Read *kol rā*  $\subset \bar{ati}$  (*tiqm̄tēni*) (cj. Duhm);  $\subset d$  in v. 8 may be responsible for the supposed corruption.

Both these readings are questionable; but MT is certainly incorrect.

12 *šlw* Ehrlich’s conjecture *šālēm* is attractive, though perhaps unnecessary.

18 *mqwm* Here, “tomb,” as in Ez. 39:11 (Dahood, BCCT, 61 f.).

21 *wbn* Read *ubēn* (5 MSS).

17:7,11 These verses have been salvaged from the wreckage of this chapter and transferred before 16:22, the most appropriate place left for them.

11 *zmt* Read *zimmāt* (cj. NEB).

*mwrsh* LXX *arthra*. Beer compares Syriac *mrš*, “cord.” Wright emends to *mētrē*.

13  $\supset qwh$  Dahood (*Psalms I*, 122) at Ps. 19:5 compares this verse, Ps. 40:2, and Ps. 52:11. “The root should be equated with *qawah* II, ‘to collect.’ The semantic bond

between 'call' and 'collect' is well illustrated by *qōl*, 'voice,' which is cognate with *qāhal*, 'to gather,' . . . and by *qarā* , 'to call,' but which denotes 'to gather' in the Arabic fifth form and in Ps cxvii 9 and Prov xxvii 16."

15b *wtqwy* Guillaume compares the Arabic cognate meaning "piety." LXX seems to read *w<sup>e</sup>ṭbāṭi*.

16 *bdy* Read *b<sup>e</sup>yādī* or *ᶜimmādī* (LXX *met' emou*).  
*nht* Point *nēḥāt* (LXX, §).

18:3 *n<sup>e</sup>mynw* Read *n<sup>e</sup>ṭammōnū* (3 MSS).

4 *t<sup>e</sup>zb* Dahood (JBL 78, 306) compares Ugaritic *ᶜdb*, "to arrange," and translates "rearranged." Cf. Ps. 46:3.

7 *wtšlykhw* Read *w<sup>e</sup>ṭakšilēhū* (LXX).

11 *whpyshw lrglyw* "This phrase is usually rendered 'and frighten him at every step'—an inadmissible translation, for the Hiphil of *pwṣ* never means 'frighten' (not even in Ez. 34:21, which is often cited in support of this meaning), but means at most 'scatter,' and as a rule takes a plural object. The real meaning of our phrase is 'and cause him to flow over his feet,' i.e. 'and make him piss in his pants out of fear.' For this meaning of *hpys*, cf. Zech. 1:17, Pr. 5:16, for the use of the Qal of this verb; and for the image, cf. Ez. 7:17: 'Every hand will tremble; / all knees will drip with urine' (Ehrlich). G. R. Driver (ZAW 65, 259 f.) suggests that the verb is neither *pwṣ*, "to be scattered" (= Arabic *fasa(w)* iv), nor *pys*, "to depart" (= Arabic *fada*), but rather *pys*, "to make water" (= Arabic *fasa(y)* iv).

12a Thus Hitzig. Questionable, but supported by the parallel personification of *Ḍyd*. Cf. Ps. 38:18, where *ḳl<sup>e</sup>nkwn* means "stationed at my side" (parallel to *ngdy*

*tmyd*) and *ዶኅኒ* is parallel to *mkዶwby* (Dahood).

13 MT, with its bizarre imagery, is certainly corrupt. It is significant that even in the Ugaritic texts there is no mention of a “first-born of Death” (Sarna, JBL 82, 316).

In reconstructing the original text, one may begin with the fact that in the verse passages of *Job* (3:3 – 42:6) *ርwr* always appears with a parallel noun and that in three of its six occurrences it is parallel to *bšr* (7:5, 19:20, 26; cf. 10:11). So *bkwṛ* is almost certainly to be emended to *b<sup>e</sup>šārō* or *bāšār*, the corruption being due to the similarity between *shin* and *kaph* in the archaic script. Now *bdyw* is lacking in LXX and *J*, and looks suspiciously like a variant of *bdy* in 13a. Since the corrected hemistich makes poor sense with it and good sense without it, it is to be deleted. For 13b, therefore, read *yዶkl b<sup>e</sup>šārō mut.* (LXX, reading *yዶkl bkwṛ mwt*, correctly senses that *mwt* is the subject and *bkwṛ* the object, and so points *bikkūr*.)

There are two indications that *bdy* is corrupt: the existence of a variant (and the textual tradition for *bdyw* itself is not clear, the Oriental Ketiv and 1 MS reading *bdwy*), and the difficulty of the phrase *bdy ፊwrw*. *bd* means “idle talk” in 11:3 and may be corrupt in two other passages – probably in 17:6 and possibly in the difficult 41:4. But nowhere else in the Bible does it mean “limb,” and such a meaning here is extremely doubtful. Since *ፊwrw* is parallel to *bšrw*, a parallel to *mut* is likely. I have read *d<sup>e</sup>wway*. The verse, as emended, would thus read: *yዶkal d<sup>e</sup>wway ፊōrō / yዶkal b<sup>e</sup>šārō māwet.* (For 13a, NEB reads *yēዶākel bidway ኊwrw*.)

15 *mbl yw* Corrupt. I have adopted Dahood’s emendation (*Biblica* 38, 312 ff.) to *mabbēl* (cf. Akkadian *nablu*, Ethiopian *nabal*, Ugaritic *nblat*, “fire”). This is a ques-

tionable reading, and Θ's text may indicate that the *mem* is a late corruption. But it supplies good sense and parallelism, and other emendations are even less supportable.

19:13 *hrhyq* Read *hirhīqū* (LXX, A, Σ, §).

15–16 I have combined these verses.

18 *wydbrw by* Eitan (*A Contribution to Biblical Lexicography*, 33 ff.) compares Arabic *ḍbr*, “to recede, turn the back, flee.” “In these verses, Job does not accuse anyone of active cruelty to him, such as mockery, calumny, denunciation, etc. But he does complain of his great aloneness. All abandon him, not out of spite or cruelty, but because of repulsion and loathing.”

19 *nhpkw by* Penar (*Biblica* 48, 293 ff.) compares Eccl. 6:11, the only other instance of this phrase, where *yhpk bk* is parallel to *mpnyk ystr*. Cf. 30:10a.

24 *wṣprt* Read *w⁹sippōren* (cj. Budde); cf. Jer. 17:1. MT describes a process which scholars from Rashi on have failed to explain satisfactorily. For an impressive archeological and linguistic defense of the emendation, see Stamm, *ThZ* 4, 331 ff.

25–27 These famous verses are so filled with obscurities and corruptions that I have had to omit them and improvise drastically.

20:2 *hwšy* “The cognate roots *hwš*, *hšš*, which are common in mishnaic Hebrew, Aramaic, and Syriac, are used only of feeling pain, or of fear and apprehension” (R. Gordis, *Koheleth – The Man and His World*, New York 1968, p. 226.)

4 *hzḍt* Θ *mē tauta*. Gordis (*AJSL* 49, 212 f.) cites the following verses, where questions seeking an affirma-

tive answer occur without a negative: Gen. 16:13b, 1 Sam. 2:27, 17:25, 1 Kg. 22:3, Jer. 31:20, Amos 6:2.

6 *šyōw* Guillaume (PF, 114) compares Arabic *šawa*, “the head or skull of a human being.”

15 I have combined this verse with v. 18.

17 *nhry* Klostermann’s emendation *yishar* is adopted by most modern scholars. But Chajes (GSAI 19, 181 f.) suggests that *nhry* may be derived from the root *nhr*, “to shine,” and means “oil” (thus *ysh̄r* from *sh̄r*). The final *yod* is possibly a corruption due to *nḥly* in 17b.

18 *kḥyl tmwrtw* The parallel hemistich suggests that MT conceals a verb. Read *kaḥ liṭmūrāṭō* (cj. Gordis). G. R. Driver compares Aramaic *kḥḥ*, “to cough up phlegm.”

*yōls* Parallel to *ybl*. Yellin compares mishnaic *lōs*, “to chew.”

22 *āml* Point *āmāl* (LXX, ॥).

23 *bl̄w̄mw* The sense seems to require an object and to indicate that the *bet* is radical. I have followed LXX *odunas*, which may = *h̄abālīm* (Merx; cf. *ōdīnes* 21:17) or *ballāhōṭ* (Bickell; cf. 18:11, 27:20, 30:15).

26 *tmwn l̄spwnyw* LXX *autō hypomeinai*. Read *tāmān lō* (Siegfried) or *lō šāpūn* (Dhorme).

27 Transfer after v. 28.

28 *ygl* Point *yāgōl* (LXX, ॥).

*ybw̄l* (1 MS *ybl*). LXX *apōleia*. Yellin compares Jer. 17:8, Is. 30:25, and Arabic *wbl*, “heavy rain,” from which *mbwl* also is to be derived.

29 *mrw* Read *mōrē* (cj. Beer).

21:8 Siegfried deletes *lpnyhm*. Ball, followed by Dhorme, reads  $\subset\ddot{o}md\ddot{im}$  for  $\subset mm$ .

13 *yblw* Read  $y^e kall\ddot{u}$  (Q, LXX, §, I, ¶).  
*wbrg*  $\subset$  LXX *en anapausei*, I *wbmrgw*  $\subset$ .  
*yhtw* Point *yēhāṭū* ( $\Sigma$ , §, I, ¶, Saadia).

20 *kydw* Guillaume compares Arabic *kaḍadaḍ*, “calamity.” But LXX *tēn heautou sphagēn*, I *tbyryh*, ¶ *interfectionem suam* probably read *pīdō* or  $\triangleright\ddot{edō}$ .

24  $\subset\ddot{ty}nyw$  Read  $\subset aṭmāyw$  (cj. Bochart). LXX *enkata*, I *byzwy*, ¶ *viscera*.  
*h̄lb* Point *ḥēleb* (LXX, §, ¶).

30 *ywblw* This may not bear the meaning “to be saved,” and perhaps Merx’s conjecture *yusṣal* is correct.

22:11  $\triangleright w\ h̄sk$  Read  $\triangleright\ddot{o}r\ h̄āṣak$  (LXX).

12 *wrōh* Point *w^e rō\triangleright ēh* (Michaelis; cf. LXX, §).

15  $\subset wlm$  Point  $\subset awwālīm$  (Chajes).

17 *lmw* Read *lānū* (LXX, Q tg, §).

20 *qymnw* Θ *hē hupostasis autōn*; cf. §, I, ¶. Read *qīmām* (Yellin) or *y^e qūmām* (Michaelis).

23 *tbnh* Read *w^e ḥē\triangleright āneh* (LXX). The corruption seems to have been caused by anticipation of the apodosis, which does not come until v. 25.

24 *wšyt\subset l\subset pr* Read *w^e ḥatā le\triangleright āpār* (cj. Dhorme); cf. Θ, §.  
*wbṣwṛ* Read *ṭūk^e ḥūr* (Θ, §, I, ¶, Saadia, 65 MSS).

26 *tt\subset ng* G. R. Driver (VTS 3, 84) notes that *tt\subset ng* is elsewhere translated by LXX as *pepoithenai* (Is. 58:14) and by § as *tkal*, “trust” (27:10, Is. 58:14) and *sabar*,

“hope” (Ps. 37:11). His comparison with Arabic *anaja* may be justified; but in any case the meaning “trust” does seem appropriate in this context and may simply be an extension or modification of the normal sense of the verb. Cf. 27:10, where this meaning is even more appropriate.

30 *ׂy nqy* Θ *athōon*, *ׂinnocens*. Delitzsch points *ׂay* or *ׂē*. Sarna (JNES 15, 118 f.) compares Arabic *ׂayyu*, “whoever” (cf. Dahood, *Biblica* 49, 363). According to Ibn Parḥon, the phrase is equivalent to *ׂiš nāqi*, which perhaps should be read.

*wnmłt* Read *w̄timmālēt* (cj. Ginsburg).

23:2 *mry* Read *mar* (§, I, ɻ).

*ydy* Read *yādō* (LXX, §).

7 *mšpty* Point *mišpāti* (LXX, §, ɻ, 8 MSS).

10 *ׂsׂ* Possibly related to the Ugaritic and Arabic cognates meaning “to be clean; to shine.” The most convincing examples of this meaning are Jg. 5:31, Is. 62:1, Ps. 37:6, 73:7 (Esh, VT 4, 305 ff.; Dahood, BCCT, 67). These verses, however, “are, like Ps. 19, related to a tradition of sun hymns in which the sun ‘goes out,’ as a hero, from his tent or chamber” (Fishbane). Alternatively, then, “shine” may be an extension of the normal meaning of *yšׂ*: “to rise (like the sun)” or “to go out (like the sun’s rays).”

12 *mhqy* Read *b̄hēqī* (LXX, ɻ); cf. Ps. 119:11. *Bet* and *mem* are easily confused in the archaic script. Or the corruption may be due to a false parallel between *hq* and *mṣwh*.

13 *bׂhd* Read *bāhar* (LXX). Already Ibn Ezra realized that this is the correct reading, but it was too dangerous to let out more than a hint: “Some say that the

*bet* is paragogic; but the truth is that it is not, and is part of the root: for there is a great mystery here.” Cf. Ps. 132:13, where *bhr* and *dw* are in parallelism.

14 *hqy* Read *hūqqō* (§, ¶).

24:1 *l* Delete (>LXX).

2 LXX has *asebeis* as the subject. Merx’s addition of *rēšāt̄im* is probably correct.

5 *hn* LXX *apebēsan de hōsper*, § *dyk*, ¶ *hyk dyn*, ¶ *alii quasi*.

*bp̄lm* Read *lēpōt̄lām* (Σ, ¶, ¶, 7 MSS); cf. Ps. 104:23.

*crbh* Point *arbhāh* (Dahood); cf. Ps. 104:23.

*lw* Point *lū* (Guillaume).

6 I have combined this verse with vv. 10 and 11.

*blylw* Read *bēliya t̄al* (cj. Larcher). Questionable; but the standard emendation *ballaylah* is even less likely.

12 *mtym* Point *mēt̄im* (§, 1 MS).

13 *yšbw* Point *yāšubū* (LXX, §, ¶, 4 MSS).

14 *lwr* Carey’s emendation *lōr̄* (haplography) is probably correct. “MT could be retained only if *dw* had already developed its later (mishnaic) meaning of ‘evening’” (Gray).

*yhy kgnb* Read *yēhallek gannāb* (cj. Merx).

14c Transfer before 15c.

25:2f. I have transferred these verses after v. 6 and inserted 26:5–14.

3 *dwrbw* Read *dwrbō* (LXX).

5      *wl* Read *lō* (§, 7, 59 MSS), as in 15:15.

*yōhyl* “God is the subject, *yrh* the object. The expression is one of the poem’s not infrequent Arabisms and means ‘he considers worthy’; cf. Arabic *chl* u and *rv*” (Ehrlich). There is a very close parallel in 15:15, where *yōmyn* is almost equivalent to *yōhyl* here.

26:2-4      Insert before 27:2.

3      *lrb* Point *lārāb* (NEB). Gordis (*Jewish Forum*, October 1945, 1) compares this word (perhaps originally *rōbeh*, MT being due to haplography) to Aramaic *rwbh*, “young man,” which comes to mean “inexperienced, foolish.” Cf. *n̄r* in Pr. 1:4; also *pty*, “fool” = Arabic *fatta*, “young man.”

12      *rḡ* “Comparison with UT, 67:1:1-2, *ktm̄ls ltn b̄tn br̄h tkly b̄tn q̄ltn*, ‘When you smote Lotan the primordial serpent, made an end of the twisting serpent,’ shows that *rḡ* and *kly*, both of which are synonymous with *m̄ls*, are in turn synonymous. In numerous passages, LXX understood *rḡ* as ‘destroy’” (Dahood, *Psalms I*, 182). Cf. Is. 51:15, Jer. 31:35.

13      *ṣmym* Read *yām* or *mayim* (cj. Ehrlich). “In the second half of this verse, *n̄h̄l bryh̄* obviously designates a sea-monster, and this suggests that the first half also was originally about the sea.” MT *ṣmym* may be a scribal error, caused by confusion with, or inadvertent copying from v. 11.

*ṣprh* This word seems to conceal a parallel to *hllh* (cf. v. 12, where *rḡ* is parallel to *m̄ls*). Derivation from the root *ṣbr* is not implausible, since *bet* and *pe* are frequently interchanged (see Dahood, *Gregorianum* 43, 75). For the image of God’s shattering the sea or sea-monster, cf. 38:11, Ps. 74:13. (Tur-Sinai’s reading

*brw̄hw sm ym sprh* is doubtful, though it does have the virtue of preserving MT, with its *lectio difficilior*.)

27:6 *yhrp* Point *yēhārēp* (NEB). Delitzsch compares Arabic *hrp*, “to alter.”

8–23 I have assigned this passage to Zophar, and reversed the order of vv. 9–10.

8 *ȳl* Point *yis̄al* = *yis̄al* (Schnurrer).

19 *ȳsp* Read *yōs̄ip* (LXX, §).

28:1–28 “The chapter is an independent poem on the limitations of human achievement and, in contrast, the incomparable and inscrutable wisdom of God, rather than a speech either of Job, or, though this would raise less difficulty, of one of his friends. It contains no single obvious connection with the stage of the debate now reached, and only in v. 28, which may refer obliquely to 1:1, has it any connection whatever with any preceding part of the book. On the other hand, in the mouth of Job it anticipates, and that in such a way as to render nugatory, the speeches of God in chapters 38–40” (Gray, 232 f.).

29:4 *bswd* Read *b̄s̄d̄k* (LXX, Σ, §).

5b Dhorme’s addition of *āmād̄ū* (*āmdy* transferred from v. 6b) is probably correct.

10 *n̄hb̄w* Guillaume (PF, 119) compares Arabic *habīa*, “(the fire) died out.” But the word “may well be due to a scribe’s eye looking by error at v. 8a” (Driver), and perhaps something like *niklā* (Duhm) or *nēlām* (Siegfried) ought to be read.

11–20 I have inserted this passage after v. 25.

17 *̄slyk* LXX *exespasa*. G. R. Driver (AJSL 52, 163) compares Arabic *slk* i, “to save oneself”; ii, “to draw

(sword from scabbard); to rescue (from misfortune)."  
BH<sup>3</sup> emends to  $\supset e\ddot{s}l\ddot{o}\ddot{p}$ .

18  $\subset m\ qny$  Read *bizqūnay* (Cheyne) or  $\subset immi\ zāqēn$  (Dhorme), following LXX *hē hēlikia mou gērasei*.

*wkhw̄l* It is unlikely that this word means "phoenix": "an allusion to the resurrection and future life of the phoenix, and the attribution to Job of the wish that he might in this respect be like the phoenix, is inconsistent with the point of view throughout attributed to him" (Driver). LXX *hōsper stelechos phoinikos* (cf. Ex. 15:27, Num. 33:9, Ps. 92[91]:13),  $\aleph$  *sicut palma* probably indicate the reading *ūkēnahal* (BH<sup>3</sup>). K-B<sup>1</sup> notes that in Num. 24:6 and Cant. 6:11 *nhl* may = Arabic *nah̄l*, "palm tree"; and BH<sup>3</sup> adduces the example of Eccl. 50:12(14), where *stelechē phoinikōn* translates *kārby nhl* (reading possibly *kaCəbotē*, according to Driver). I have followed LXX and  $\aleph$  and read *ūkēnahal* for the following reasons: (1) *khwl*, "like the sand," seems too hyperbolic (contrast Gen. 22:17; also Ps. 139:18, where the statement is meant literally); (2) the imagery in the next verse is botanical; (3) the palm tree is a figure for the just man in Ps. 92, and here too one expects a living thing in the simile.

24  $\supset l$  Delete (Budde).

30:3  $\supset m\delta$  Probably corrupt. The likeliest of the emendations are  $\supset immām$  (Klostermann) and  $\supset ereṣ$  (Olshausen).

7 "The verse describes them 'misbegetting as they were themselves misbegotten'; the parallelism is then excellent; they bray, like donkeys under the excitement of lust (cf. the neighing of horses in Jer. 5:8), and copu-

late with no better bed or screen than the rough and scanty growth of the desert affords" (Gray).

11 *ytrw* (Q *ytry*) Read *yeter* or *yitrām* (cj. Budde).

12 *p̄th wyCnny* Read *pithū wayeCannūnī* (cj. Budde: haplography).

12 *rgly šlhw* Delete. Possibly a variant of v. 11b.

13 *yCylw* Read *yaCəlū* (cj. Bickell).

14 *Czr* Ehrlich compares Arabic *Czr*, "to help" or "to hinder." Dillmann emends to *Cōṣēr*.

14 *t̄ht* The meaning "like" is unsubstantiated elsewhere, except perhaps for 34:26 (thus *Y*). But otherwise, unless one adopts G. R. Driver's proposal (AJS 52, 163) of an equally unsubstantiated temporal usage, the sense is obscure.

15 *trdp* Point *tērādēp* (LXX).

17 *nqr* Point *nuqqar* (Budde) or read *niqqārim* (cj. Dhorme).

18 *ythp̄s* Read *yitpōs* (LXX *epelabeto*).

18 *kpy* Read *b̄p̄i* (cj. Ehrlich).

19 *yCzrny* Thus Dhorme. Ehrlich emends to *yōCk̄zēnī*.

19 *hrny* Read *tōrānī* (LXX *hēgēsat de me, I Cšww yty, Y comparatus sum*). See Orlinsky, HUCA xxxv, 76 f. The root is *yrh* II, "to teach," not *yrh* I, "to throw"; parallel to *Ctmšl*.

19 *hmr* Like *Cpr wCpr*, this refers to the human body. Cf. 10:9.

20 *Cmdty* "MT is correct, but it is to be understood as the opposite of *CšwC* and means 'to be silent'; cf. 32:16" (Ehrlich). Cf. also 37:14 and Josh. 10:13, where *dmm* means "to stop" (Gordis).

*wttbnn* ✕ correctly expresses the negative here. Perhaps *l* in the first hemistich is a “double-duty” negative (Fishbane). Alternatively, read *w<sup>e</sup>lō* *ttbnn* (1 MS).

22 *tšwh* (Q *tušiyāh*) Point *t<sup>e</sup>šūwwāh* = *t<sup>e</sup>šū* *āh*.

24 *b* *↪ y* Reider (VT 2, 129) compares Arabic *↪ ayyūn*, “unable, impotent (especially from disease).” But Wright’s conjecture *b<sup>e</sup>↪āni* seems more probable. Cf. *↪bywn*, v. 25.

*yšlh* Read *↪ešlah* (LXX). *šlh* *yd b*... regularly implies hostility or violence; cf. 28:9, Gen. 37:22, 1 Sam. 24:11, etc.

*lhn šw* *↪* Read *lī y<sup>e</sup>šawwē* *↪* (cj. Dhorme). “Since the *n* of *lhn* comes from *b* *↪ ny*, we are left simply with *lh*. In the light of LXX (*poiēsei moi touto*), it seems indeed that the original text had *ly*. The *h* of *lh* springs from a combination of two *yods*, the one at the end of *ly* and the other at the beginning of *y<sup>e</sup>šawwē* *↪* (which later became *šw* *↪*)” (Dhorme).

28 *hmh* Read *nehāmāh* (cj. Duhm).

*bqhl* A peculiar image, since in the rest of this passage Job is completely isolated. Beer may be correct in reading *b<sup>e</sup>qdl*; cf. Ps. 3:5, 142:2.

31:1 *btwlh* Read *n<sup>e</sup>ḥālāh* (cj. Peake). A somewhat arbitrary emendation; but as Pope says, “the context calls for some more comprehensive term for evil.” Cf. Ibn Ezra: *k* *↪ ylw krt* *bryt* *↪ m* *↪ yny* *šl* *↪ ystklw* *mh* *↪ yn* *ly* *šwrk* *w* *↪ hr* *šl* *↪ byt* *mh* *↪ tbwnn* *↪ l* *btwlh*.

10 *t̄lh* “According to our sages, this word refers to sexual intercourse” (Rashi).

*ykr* *wn* The Arabic cognate is used of a woman's sexual acquiescence (Pope).

31 *l* Delete in both hemistichs (>LXX).

32 *l* *r* *h* Point *lā* *ōrē* *h* (LXX, A, §, I, X).

34 *w* *dm* “*dm* here means not ‘to be silent’ but ‘to be still’ or ‘to sit, be motionless’; cf. Josh. 10:12 f., 1 Sam. 14:9” (Ehrlich).

35 *ly* *sm* Read *ēl* *yīšma* (cj. Gray). (*ly* > Θ, §, 6 MSS.)

*twy* I *rygwgy*, X *desiderium meum*. Ibn Ezra: “Some say that this word lacks an *aleph*. The sense is, ‘I desire that God answer me.’” G. R. Driver (AJS 52, 166) compares Syriac *twt*, “inclination,” and suggests that there may have been a Hebrew *twh*, parallel with *wh*, “inclined,” to which *tāweh* may be referred.

38–40 Transfer before v. 24.

39 *b* *lyh* Point *bō* *leyhā* (K-B<sup>3</sup>). Equivalent to *p* *lyh* (Dahood, *Gregorianum* 43, 75).

32:1–  
37:24 “These chapters were obviously written to occupy their present position in the book: as 32:1–6 explains, Elihu speaks when the three friends have ceased to reply to Job; and in the speeches Elihu rebukes Job and the friends alike; and from Job's previous speeches he cites actual words, or summarizes statements in them, in order to refute them. But it is scarcely less obvious that the rest of the book was not written with any knowledge of these speeches; and consequently that they formed no part of the original work. In contrast to Elihu's frequent direct reference to the friends and to Job, there is no reference, direct or indirect, in any other part of the book to Elihu; the Prologue gives the setting for the debate that follows, and explains how

the three friends who subsequently take part in it come to be present, but it says nothing of Elihu, and the special prose introduction to Elihu's speeches only partially supplies the omission; it gives a reason why Elihu speaks, it gives no reason why he is present. Neither Job nor the friends take the slightest notice of Elihu's attacks on them, or of his arguments; his speech is of greater length than any that have gone before, but no one interrupts him while he is speaking, no one has a word to say of or to him when he has done. Job's last speech closes with an appeal to God to answer him, and God's reply opens with words obviously addressed to the person who has just finished speaking; since this cannot be Elihu but must be Job, God's opening admits of no intervening speech of Elihu. Finally, in the Epilogue God expresses a judgement on what Job has said and what the three friends have said, but makes not the slightest reference to Elihu. Thus this entire section can be removed from the book without any sense of loss or imperfection in its construction being created" (Gray, xl-xli).

For stylistic differences between this section and the rest of the poem, see Gray, pp. xlii-xlviii. "The style of Elihu is prolix, labored, and somewhat tautologous: the power and brilliancy which are so conspicuous in the poem generally are sensibly missing. The reader, as he passes from Job and his three friends to Elihu, is conscious at once that he has before him the work of a writer not indeed devoid of literary skill, but certainly inferior in literary and poetical genius to the author of the rest of the book" (Driver, xlvii).

38:8 *wysk* Read *wāðāsek* (LXX).

10 *wððbr* Read *wāðāšit* (LXX, §, ¶). Q tg *wtšwh*. Cf. 14:13.

11 *yšyt bg̩̪wn* Read *yissābēr g̩̪ō̪n* (LXX). *ו* and *ס* (*ttbr*: cj. Merx) = *tsbr*. It is clear that *šbr* and *šyt* have been transposed in MT.

12-15 “The sense of this passage is clear except on two points: what are the ‘wicked’ doing here, where they seem to be quite out of place, and what can the ‘high arm’ be? For this, if it denotes the arrogant conduct of the wicked, is equally out of place in a description of approaching dawn. The reader will have noticed that the *ayin* in *rš̩̪ym*, ‘wicked men,’ is ‘suspended,’ i.e. written above the line; this peculiarity suggests that the copyists may have suspected the word and have wished to indicate that it has an unusual meaning or has been intentionally altered” (G. R. Driver, JTS 4, 210).

Grimme (OLZ 6, 53 ff.) makes the interesting conjecture *r̩šāp̩im*, “sparks, flames,” here specifically the stars, and compares a Phoenician inscription in which *ršpm* appears to have the same meaning. As for *zrw̩̪rmh*, he identifies this with “the constellation Ox-shank, the *h-p-š* of the Egyptians, i.e. Ursa Major.”

G. R. Driver explains *rš̩̪ym* as the “evil” stars, or else as a corruption of *š̩̪ir̩̪im*, the “hairy ones” (thus the Arabic cognate)—either alternative referring to the dangerous Canis Major and Minor. *zrw̩̪rmh* would, also like its Arabic cognate, refer to the stars of the Navigator’s Line, “extending like a bent arm across the sky from the horizon to the zenith.”

14 *wytysbw* Read *w̩̪tissāba* (cj. Beer). Literally, “It [the earth] changes like sealing-clay / and is dyed like a garment.” More freely, “It grows as red as clay / and is dyed like a piece of cloth.”

20 *tbyn* Point *t̩̪b̩̪iyennū* = *t̩̪b̩̪ennū* (Hoffmann).

24       $\beth w$  “This is the west wind, Akkadian *amurru*, in Babylonian pronunciation *awurru*, which latter form is rendered in Aramaic inscriptions by  $\beth w$ . Talmudic  $\beth wryh$ , ‘west wind,’ is the same word” (Tur-Sinai).

27       $m\dot{sh}$  Read *miššiyāh* (cj. Beer); cf. 30:3.

30       $y\dot{th}b\dot{w}$  The root here is not  $\dot{hb}\dot{w}$  “to hide” but rather  $\dot{hb}\dot{w}$  “to congeal, harden,” cognate with  $\dot{hm}\dot{w}$  (Hitzig). Thus **S**, **T**, **X**.

34       $tksk$  Read *ta $\subset$ neka* (LXX). MT is probably the result of a scribal confusion with 23:11.

37       $y\dot{sh}kyb$  Foster (AJSL 49, 31) compares Arabic *skb*, “to pour out.” Thus Orlinsky, JBL 63, 36 ff.

41       $l\subset rb$  Point *lā $\subset$ ereb* (Wright). MT probably results from an inadvertent remembrance of Ps. 147:9. For the image, cf. Ps. 104:20 f.: there too the lions come out at night to hunt and roar piously.  $y\dot{t}\subset w$  in 41c can hardly refer to young ravens; neither Ehrlich’s explanation (= “stagger”) nor G. R. Driver’s in AJSL 52, 168 (*t $\subset$  C*, “to guffaw, croak”) is convincing, and Beer’s emendation *yip $\subset$ ū* is doubtful at best. Furthermore, 4:11 provides a strikingly similar image of young lions roaming because of hunger. *syd* is used of lions in vv. 39a and 10:16. Finally, it is unlikely that lions and ravens would be juxtaposed here, especially since the six descriptions in chapter 39 are all integral and at least four verses long.

39:10     Read *h $\dot{q}iq\dot{b}or$  ba $\subset$ nāq $\dot{b}$   $\subset$  bōt /  $\subset$ m y $\dot{s}dd$  t $\dot{e}lāmīm$   $\beth hryk$  (LXX). Cf. Q tg *htqtr* [  $\dot{b}$  ] *nyryh* (M. Sokoloff, *The Targum to Job From Qumran Cave XI*, Ramat-Gan 1974, p. 90). See the fine discussion by Dhorme, *ad loc.**

12       $zr\subset k$  *wgrnk* Read *w $\dot{e}zar\subset$ ka* *gorn $\dot{k}a$*  (cj. Bickell); cf. LXX.

13 If *hsydh* is the name of a bird, either it is ironic or vv. 14-18 refer just to the *rnnym*; so for clarity's sake I have combined birds. The apparently interrogative form of 13b lends some support to Ibn Ezra's paraphrase of 13a (*wht*  $\subset$  *m h*  $\supset$  *th ntt lrnnym knp*), which I have followed (thus KJ; cf. Saadia). MT is unintelligible, the versions guess, Θ gives up and transliterates the difficult words, and there are no satisfactory emendations. I would prefer to omit this verse; but because of its position, some attempt at meaning is necessary.

14 *t*  $\subset$  *zb* Dahoo (JBL 78, 307 f.) compares Ugaritic *z db*, “to arrange, place.”

19 *r*  $\subset$  *mh* Read *z ymh* (LXX). I have transposed these two nouns in vv. 19-20, following a conjecture of Ball's. The root *r*  $\subset$  *m* always means a loud noise (contrast 1 Sam. 1:6, Ez. 27:35, where the root is different) and is appropriate in describing the “glorious snorting,” v. 20. The association of *hwd* with thunder in 40:19 f. and Is. 30:30 is additional support for this reading. (See Dhorme, *ad loc.*, for a defense of the now standard translation “mane”; though this is weakened by the presence of *r*  $\subset$  *m* in v. 25.)

20 *z ymh* Read *r*  $\subset$  *mh*.

21 *b*  $\subset$  *mq* Gordon (JKF 2, 56) compares Akkadian *z mq*, “to be strong,” Ugaritic *b*  $\subset$  *mq*, “violently.”

24 *ky qwl* 1 MS reads *b<sup>o</sup>qδl*.

*y*  $\supset$  *myn* Guillaume compares Arabic *z amina*, “to be quiet.”

40:2 *hrb* Point *h<sup>a</sup>rāb* (Σ, Ι, Χ).

*yswr* Point *yāsūr* (Θ, Χ).

15 *bhmwt* For the mythological nature of the two great beasts, see Pope, *ad loc.*

17 *znbw* A euphemism, as Albertus Magnus recognized: "Tail here stands for the genital member" (see J. Steinmann, *Le Livre de Job*, Paris 1955, pp. 334 ff.). *znb* has this meaning also in *Tanhuma Ki Tetse* 10 (Jastrow, *Dictionary of the Talmud*, *ad loc.*). The same transference occurs in certain European languages; thus, *oura* and *kerkos* in Greek, *cauda* in Latin, *Schwantz* in German, "tail" in Elizabethan slang.

*p̄hdw*  $\aleph$  *testiculorum eius*,  $\aleph$  *p̄hdwh*. Natan ben Yehiel, in his *Arukha*, quotes some manuscript Targumim which read *gwbryh ws̄ b̄zwhy*, "his penis and testicles" (cited by Delitzsch).

19 *h̄c̄šw yḡš hr̄bw* MT is meaningless. Read *hēc̄šūy l̄šaheq b̄o* (= LXX *pepoiēmenon enkatapaiesthai hupo tōn angelōn autou*). Cf. Ps. 104:26b, *hwyt̄ zh yšrt l̄shq bw*, where LXX translates *hon eplasas em-paizein autō*. It is obvious that the two translators were working independently, and it is unlikely that the translator of *Job*, reading MT and unable to deal with it, should have substituted a verse difficult or troubling enough to require paraphrase. As for MT, the corruption from the original text is, as Torczyner observes, easily accounted for: *h̄c̄šwy*  $\binom{l}{g}$  *šh*  $\binom{q}{r}$  *bw*. (*Lamed* and *gimel*, *qoph* and *resh*, are more commonly confused in the archaic script.)

23 *ȳc̄šq* LXX *ean genētai plēmmura*. According to BH<sup>3</sup>, this = *ȳšpāc̄* (*plēmmura* = *šēpāc̄* in Aquila's Deut. 33:19, Is. 60:6). But emendation may not be necessary. "This  $\subset$  šq is to be distinguished from the identical word meaning 'to oppress.' The latter corresponds to Arabic  $\subset$  *sq*, while this word is etymologically related to *gsq* and means 'to overflow'" (Ehrlich). Dhorme

compares Akkadian *ešqu*, “strong.” LXX is certainly correct, whatever relation it has to MT.

*yrdn* “Flowing water, as in Mandaean, with no reference to the Jordan” (Guillaume, PF, 126). ‘Jordan’ is not a proper noun but seems to be an East Mediterranean word for river. Cf. Iardanos in *Odyssey* 3:291 f., *Iliad* 7:135” (C. H. Gordon, *Before the Bible*, New York 1962, pp. 284 f.). Ps. 114:3 is conclusive evidence: *yrdn* is parallel to *ym*, and both hemistichs refer to the parting of the Red Sea.

24 Insert *mî hû* (cj. Budde: haplography). Questionable; but MT has to be corrected somehow.

*bmwqšym* Q tg *bkhk*. Ehrlich’s conjecture *b<sup>o</sup>qim-môšim* may be correct.

41:2 *lpny* Read *l<sup>o</sup>pānāyw* (33 MSS, *J<sup>MSS</sup>*).

3 *hqdymny* Read *hiqdimô* (cj. Gunkel).

*w<sup>o</sup>šlm* Read *wayyišlām* (LXX).

*ly* Read *mî* (cj. Westermann). Gunkel’s conjecture *lô* is another possibility.

5 *rsnw* Read *stiryonô* (LXX).

12 *w<sup>o</sup>gmn* Read *w<sup>o</sup>ōgēm* (Bickell: dittography).

15–16 I have combined these verses.

17 Insert after v. 20.

*l<sup>o</sup>lym* Read *gallim* (cj. Mandelkern).

*mšbrym* Read *mišb<sup>o</sup>rē yam* (cj. Buhl); cf. Ps. 93:4.

*yth<sup>o</sup>tw* K-B<sup>3</sup> compares Ethiopic *ḥt<sup>o</sup>*, “to withdraw.” Pope compares Arabic *ḥt<sup>o</sup>*, “to cast down.”

18 *ms<sup>o</sup> wšryh* Both words are *hapax legomena*; the former is listed in K-B<sup>1</sup> as “unexplained.” Read

*massi<sup>ā</sup>āh širyāh* (cj. Peters). “The series of three nouns beside *hrb* in 18a is suspicious, *ms*<sup>ā</sup> meaning ‘missile’ doubtful, *šryh* meaning ‘arrow’ or ‘javelin’ also doubtful, and *šdyh* = ‘spear’ verified only from the Syriac. However, in the light of *šrywn* and *šryn*, there is little doubt about *šryh* = ‘armor.’ The phrase *massi<sup>ā</sup>āh širyāh* (or *massi<sup>ā</sup>āh širyōn*) would be quite suitable. For *ns*<sup>ā</sup> Hiphil = ‘to repel,’ cf. 2 Kg. 4:4 and the usual meaning of the verb, ‘to cause to depart’” (Peters).

20      *ybryhnw* LXX *trōsē*. Here *hbryh* means “to wound” (Ehrlich at 20:24). G. R. Driver (VTS 3, 81) compares Arabic *baraḥa*, “to bruise.” Cf. 20:24 (pointing *yubrah*, with Ehrlich), 27:22, Pr. 19:26.

42:6      See Afterword, p. 99.

▷ *m*▷*s*   See Kuyper, VT 9, 91 ff.

*wnhmty nhm* occurs nine more times in *Job*, always with the sense “to comfort.”

▷ *pr w*▷*pr*   This phrase is found only here, in 30:19, Gen. 18:27, and Eccl. 10:9, and always refers to the human body, which is “wholly dust” (K-B<sup>3</sup>). It was correctly understood by LXX (*hēgēmai de emauton gēn kai spodon*) and Q tg (*w*▷*hw*▷ *l*▷*pr wqtm*).

There is a striking parallel in Ps. 103:13–14, where God is said to have compassion on men precisely because he knows they are made of dust.

## VERSES DELETED OR OMITTED

*Deletions* (glosses, interpolations, verses out of place):

1:22; 2:10d; 5:10; 6:10c,14; 9:21; 10:3c,15c,22b; 12:3b,4-6,22; 13:16; 14:4,12c,14a; 15:30a,31; 16:8,9c-11; 17:8-10,12; 19:28-29; 20:23a; 21:16,22; 22:8,18; 23:8-9; 24:9; 28:1-28; 31:11-12,23,28,40c; 32:1-37:24; 38:36; 40:7.

*Omissions:*

3:18; 4:21; 5:5b,12,22; 6:4b,27,29; 7:11b; 9:32; 10:10,17; 13:19; 14:5c,17,19b; 15:19,28c; 16:20; 17:1-6; 18:4a,6,9,14,19; 19:12,20,25-27; 20:10,24,25,26c; 21:17c,33c; 22:29; 24:13,16a,18-25; 26:9; 27:4,7,11-12,15,22; 29:20,25c; 31:18,34b; 38:15; 40:20,22; 41:4,7-9,11.

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